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THE ANCIENT MINER'S STORY.

By WILL CARLETON.

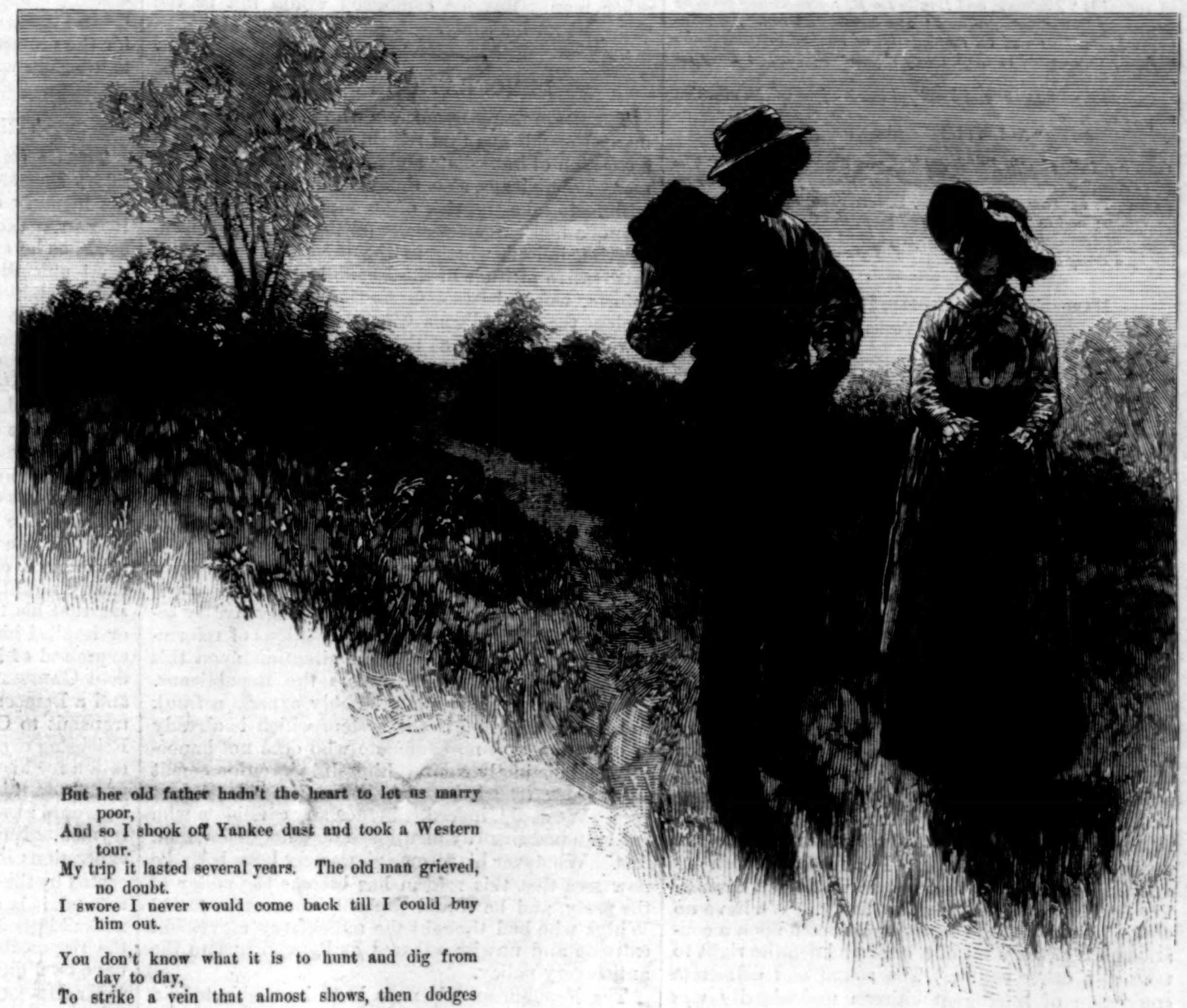
Oh yes, I'm fixed as solid, sir, as most of folks you see;
At least the coyote Poverty has ceased to sniff at me;
That mine is worth a million down—that is, it is *to-day*:
What it might cost to-morrow, though, I couldn't exactly say.

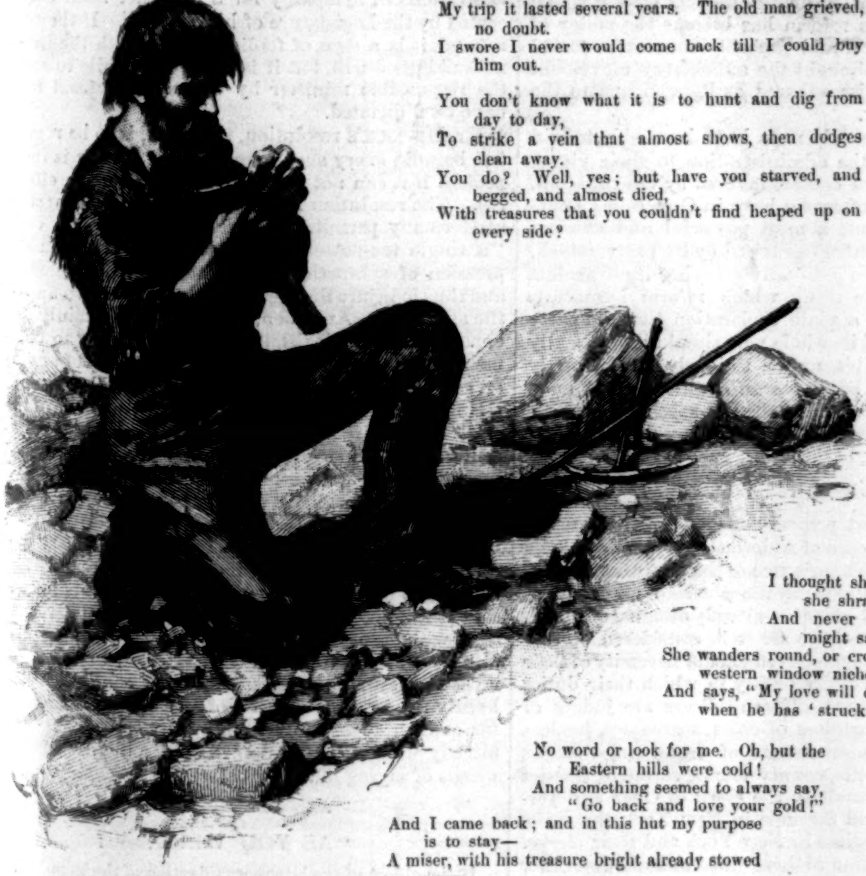
A boy in old Connecticut—this dream I used to hold:
What if the cellar of our house should spring a leak with gold,
And I from there at any time a shining lump could bring?—
I've got a cellar in this rock that's just that sort o' thing.

The sum my father slaved himself for twenty years to pay
I've taken out of that there hole in less than half a day;
If I could lead him up yon path, I'd make him smile, at least;
But his old labor-hardened hands are mouldering in the East.

I'd pack my mother up this hill, and open to her view
Enough to give a benefit to all the poor she knew;
I'd pan a heap o' happiness out of her dear old face;
But mother's struck a lead of gold in quite a different place.

My girl? Well, maybe this is soft; but since the question's put
(I wouldn't tell this to any one except "a tender-foot"),
We used to climb those Eastern hills (she was a charming witch),
And prospect on what we would do when I had "struck it rich."





But her old father hadn't the heart to let us marry poor,
And so I shook off Yankee dust and took a Western tour.
My trip it lasted several years. The old man grieved, no doubt.
I swore I never would come back till I could buy him out.

You don't know what it is to hunt and dig from day to day,
To strike a vein that almost shows, then dodges clean away.
You do? Well, yes; but have you starved, and begged, and almost died,
With treasures that you couldn't find heaped up on every side?

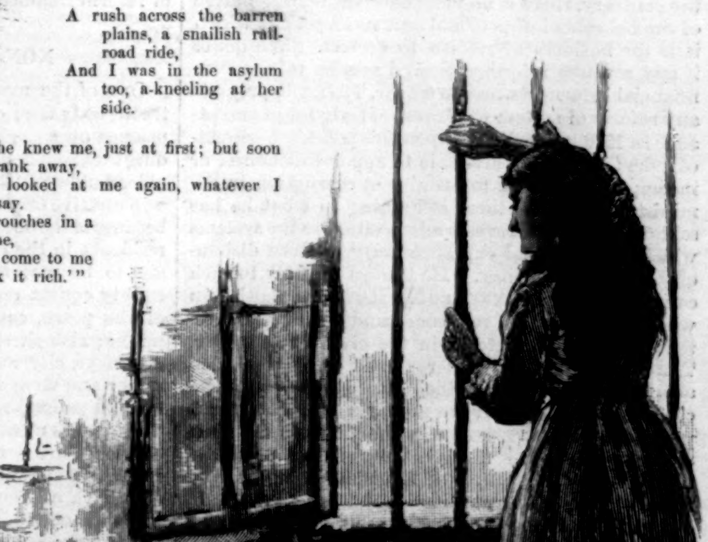
And then *her letters* wandered, like; then tapered to an end;
I wondered on it for a while, then wrote a schoolboy friend;
And just as I had struck this mine, and my old heart beat high,
There came a letter up the gulch—it was my friend's reply.

"She's been a-wandering in her mind: the other afternoon
She went within the asylum walls, as crazy as a loon."

* * * * *

A rush across the barren plains, a snailish railroad ride,
And I was in the asylum too, a-kneeling at her side.

I thought she knew me, just at first; but soon she shrank away,
And never looked at me again, whatever I might say.
She wanders round, or crouches in a western window niche,
And says, "My love will come to me when he has 'struck it rich.'"



No word or look for me. Oh, but the Eastern hills were cold!
And something seemed to always say, "Go back and love your gold!"
And I came back; and in this hut my purpose is to stay—
A miser, with his treasure bright already stowed away.

I'm President, Cashier, and Board of quite a wealthy bank,
With none except myself to please—and no one else to thank;
But nothing makes my heart beat fast—and I am growing old,
With not a thing to love or leave except this pile of gold.

But I have learned a thing or two: I know, as sure as fate,
When we lock up our lives for wealth, the gold key comes too late;
And that I'm poorer now than through those happy days in which
I owned a heart, and did not know that I *had* struck it rich!

Boulder, Colorado.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, March 22, 1884.

"The best and cheapest juvenile weekly published."

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

An Illustrated Weekly.

The number issued March 18 contains a choice collection of reading matter, varying from an admirable religious article, entitled

"WHEN AND HOW TO READ THE BIBLE,"

by the Rev. T. W. Courtney, D.D., *to spirited short stories for boys by* David Ker *and* Matthew White, Jun.; *chapters of the two serials now running, "The Fair for Sick Dolls," by the author of "Toby Tyler," and "The Ice Queen," by* Ernest Ingersoll; *instructions in regard to "Fretwork, and How to Do It"; a charming poem by* Margaret E. Sangster, *entitled "The Sword of Gram"; a rebus by* T. A. Rankin; *and an exquisite bit of musical composition by* S. B. Mills, *adapted to the nursery rhyme "Rock-a-Bye Baby on the Tree-Top."*

Among the numerous and beautiful illustrations special attention may be called to

"A LITTLE HOLLANDER,"

from a painting by the Dutch artist C. von Bodenhausen; *to "The Life-Boat," a charming bit of wood-engraving; to drawings by* Messrs. T. de Thulstrup *and* W. L. Sheppard, *and* Mrs. Jessie Shepherd; *and to "Bluffed," a full page, showing three very cunning and bewildered little puppies, frightened away from their dinner by a saucy bullfinch.*

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THE DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE.

THE presentation of Mr. Tilden's name as a candidate for the Democratic nomination is significant, because it is the conviction of the larger number of Democrats that he is by far the most available candidate. This conviction rests upon several considerations, partly practical and partly sentimental. It is curious that the chief sentimental view is that he was wronged in 1876. But the attempt to depict him as a patriotic martyr in view of the literary bureau and the cipher dispatches is one of the comedies of politics. The one thing which was to be commended in Mr. Tilden's conduct during the angry difference of the count of 1876 was his refusal to attempt to disturb the settlement made by Congress. But this is the very thing which seems least to please his most vociferous admirers. Both he and Mr. Randall had it in their power seriously to disturb the peace of the country under the pretense of rectifying a wrong. They both refused, and all honest Americans acknowledge the patriotism of their course. The reasons which induced them to adopt that course we do not discuss. The decision was the important thing. We have no doubt, indeed, that the decision was based upon a consciousness of the want of a clear and definite right to take any other course. The sound and deliberate conviction of intelligent citizens undoubtedly was that it was impossible to determine the result satisfactorily in any other way than that which was adopted.

But Mr. Tilden's party have carefully fostered a theory of his magnanimous acquiescence in a great wrong, and they hold that there is a profound national desire to show that the wrong is not "condoned." In this view they are unquestionably mistaken, and his actual candidacy would be greeted with such a plain statement of the whole cipher business that the glamor of disinterested and lofty patriotism would vanish utterly. Mr. Tilden would also be offered as a candidate who in himself represents reform. On the contrary, there is no more eminent representative of the old school of personal and spoils politics which it is the business of reform to correct. We doubt if any revenue reformer or civil service reformer or financial reformer would trust Mr. Tilden to promote any reform of system whatever. His letter of acceptance in 1876 is conclusive upon this point. Undoubtedly he thinks it unadvisable to appoint dishonest or incompetent men, or to connive at corruption in administration. But there is nothing in what he has said or done which reveals any hostility to the systems which logically and experimentally produce dishonesty and incompetency. He is most friendly to such candidates as Mr. Payne and Mr. Randall, gentlemen who are not revenue reformers, and one of whom ostentatiously flouts reform in the civil service. Mr. Tilden is, indeed, an adherent and eulogist of what are called Jeffersonian principles. Jeffersonian principles to-day, however, are merely a name for vague professions. Jefferson was the father of "strict construction." But the great act of his administration was the acquisition of Louisiana, and he confessed that it was unconstitutional.

Indeed, it is the very haziness and indefiniteness of Mr. Tilden's position upon every issue which has finally made him a conspicuous candidate. His party took a distinct position in the election of Speaker Carlisle, and it has been shuffling out of it ever since. Mr. Tilden's present prominence is due to the consciousness of his party that a definite policy upon any subject is inexpedient for it, and that he is an eminent Democrat who represents nothing but himself. This may, indeed, be satisfactory to many persons who think him a man of sound judgment and of administrative skill. But to no patriot will Mr. Tilden's course in the war seem patriotic, and to no man who contemns tricky and subterranean politics will the literary bureau and the cipher dispatches commend themselves as becoming a self-respecting citizen. It is not pleasant to recur to these incidents in the career of a public man already old and infirm. But when those who are supposed to be his nearest friends announce that the drift of his party is toward his nomination, his candidacy justly becomes a subject of public comment. It seems to be an unkindness upon the part of his friends not to insist upon the impropriety of his nomination, and upon the desirability of his declination should it be offered to him. His nomination might be more easily accomplished than that of any other man. But his candidacy would not be the strongest for his party.

DEMOCRATIC REFORMERS.

THERE are many Democrats who hold equally with many Republicans that reform in the civil service is a question of immediate and pressing necessity. Like many Republicans, also, those Democrats are not yet willing to take the risk of attempting the organization of a new party especially for that purpose—an enterprise, indeed, which, in the present friendly and progressive attitude of the Republican party toward reform, would be foolish for Republicans. Nevertheless, the Republicans who are friendly to reform have spoken plainly at the Brooklyn dinner and at the subsequent conference, and have organized themselves to influence the action of their National Convention in the selection of a candidate who will be acceptable to the independent Republican voters as sure to continue the good work that has been begun.

Why should not the reform Democrats take a similar course, and by some emphatic public expression of their sense of the importance of the issue, and of the necessity of attracting the reform vote, which is larger every year, influence the action of their party to the same general end? So far as this question is concerned, there would then be a friendly rivalry between the parties, and the party relations of reformers be made much easier. The situation upon this point, indeed, undeniably favors the Republicans. Their platform will unquestionably express a frank and hearty adhesion to the system which is already in operation, and no candidate who does not honorably and distinctly commit himself to its enforcement will secure the whole Republican and independent vote. We doubt, indeed, whether any candidate who has been prominently mentioned does not understand this. Whatever his former views may have been, he now sees that this reform has become the policy of the party, and he would probably support it, as old Whigs who had thought the antislavery movement extreme and unwise adhered as Republicans to the antislavery policy.

The Republican reformers have been able to win their party and the administration to their views. They have been, of course, favored by the situation. The Democratic reformers have in Governor Cleveland of New York a most powerful and efficient ally. But he is rather ostracized by his party, which, as a party, has been gradually arraying itself against reform. The one thing which reform Democrats have not tried is a plain declaration that the party can not command its whole vote should it practically reject reform. This notice, seriously and strongly given, could not but have an excellent effect upon the cause, and it would make the subsequent course of reform Democrats easier.

NON-RESIDENT CLERKS.

ONE of the most preposterous acts of that preposterous body the Board of Aldermen of New York is its passage over the Mayor's veto of the resolution forbidding the Comptroller to pay the salaries of non-resident office-holders. The law has already designated the administrative officers who are to be considered "local" because of the obvious convenience or necessity of their residence in the county or city in which their duties are to be performed. These officers are judges of county courts, recorders of cities, surrogates, justices of the peace, commissioners of deeds, and notaries public; also sheriffs, county clerks, coroners, district attorneys, city marshals, the clerk of Oyer and Terminer and General Sessions in New York, the register and police justices in New York and their clerks. The express mention of these officers shows that other employés are not in any legal sense "local" so as to require their residence in the city.

In fact, a large number of the clerks and employés in public offices live in the neighborhood of the city, in the suburban counties, or in New Jersey, because it is more economical for them to live there. If they are negligent of their work they are properly subject to discipline, and if they find that living in the neighborhood, whether in New Jersey, or on Long or Staten islands, or in Westchester, interferes with the prompt and proper discharge of their duty, they will govern themselves accordingly. The pretense for the bill is that a municipal employé should spend his money in the city where he earns it, which is simply a despotic and absurd attempt to restrict his proper liberty. The employé must be made to hire his house of the "city property-owner" at an enormous rent in order that the owner may pay his taxes. This is true turtle-soup wisdom.

The real reason for this non-resident regulation is that the employé who lives out of town can not readily be made to work for his boss in the city. To the aldermen the public service is a term meaning patronage for private purposes, and when they say that justice, equity, and all the cardinal virtues require that the employé should live in town, they mean only that nobody who can not "run wid der masheen" should be employed in the city. The New York aldermen more than justify all the contemptuous fun which has long been made of city dignitaries, and they lose no time in offering by their conduct every reason for the prompt passage of the bill which forbids them to interfere with the Mayor's appointments.

THE LASKER RESOLUTION.

THE German minister has offered to return to Secretary Frelinghuysen the resolution of respect for the memory of Mr. Edward Lasker which Prince Bismarck declined to present to the Reichstag because, as he explains, to do so would be in his judgment officially to "indorse, myself, and also to indorse with his Majesty the Emperor, an opinion which I am unable to recognize as just." To the offer of return of the resolution Secretary Frelinghuysen makes the conclusive and dignified reply that "the President can not be supposed to have any wish in respect to what the German Government may do in regard to the disposition of the copy of the resolution of the House of Representatives after it has been decided that it can not be transmitted to the body for which it was courteously intended."

This is the natural and proper end of the incident. It leaves the German Chancellor in the position of rejecting a courtesy which, so far as appears, was kindly meant, and he is obviously wrong in supposing that his transmission of the resolution involved or implied his acquiescence in the estimate which it expressed of Mr. Lasker's public services. If President Garfield had been succeeded by a Democrat, and a Democratic Secretary of State had declined to transmit to Congress a resolution from the German Reichstag expressing sympathy for his loss and admiration for his services on the ground that the Secretary did not think that his services were commendable, he would have been laughed out of office by his countrymen. Nevertheless a nation can not insist that its expressions of sympathy for a foreigner shall be accepted by the Legislature of his country. If they are refused, it is a sign of foolish trifling with the international good-will, but it is not worth while to scold the responsible minister by whom the refusal may have been dictated.

Mr. Hiscock's resolution, therefore, is to be regretted, because every such expression of feeling is inexpedient if it can not be followed up and made effective. The resolution laments that the political system of Germany permits a single officer, whom it calls "a single too-powerful subject," to prevent an expression of sympathy from reaching the Reichstag, and thus to injure the dignity both of the crown and of the assembly. And then, what? It is certainly not expedient for the legislature of one country to comment sharply upon the political institutions of another, and to do nothing more. If the Reichstag should assume to decide that the action of any member of the American cabinet compromised the rights of the Executive or of Congress, we should all be more amused than angry, not because Bismarck is like a member of the cabinet, but because of the lecture. In this instance the duty of the House was discharged in expressing its respect for the services and character of Mr. Lasker. If any imperial officer intercepted the expression upon its way to the Reichstag, it is for the Reichstag, not for the House of Representatives, to deal with him. The whole matter, including Mr. Hiscock's resolution, has been referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs. But that committee will hardly report the repetition of a resolution which, so far as it expresses the feeling of the House, has been already unanimously adopted, and which it has no means of laying officially before the Reichstag.

"AS YOU WERE!"

IF the object of the late reorganization of the Republican party in the city of New York was to escape the machine, it is extremely comical to see that the result is the complete restoration of the familiar power. In a great city there are many details of work in preparing for an election and at the polls which naturally fall into the hands of those who can turn the work to personal account, and as the "workers" hold that except for their labors the vote would not be brought out, they also naturally feel that they give the party its success, and are effectively the party. They claim their reward, and it is to furnish that reward that the whole system of patronage is maintained.

But the mistake which "the workers" make is to suppose that the vote which they bring out is really the decisive vote. When a party represents an absorbing issue, like the prosecution of the war, every vote that the "workers" bring undoubtedly swells the whole party vote. But in a time of relaxed party spirit and party allegiance like the present, the ways of "the workers," and the notion that they do really control the party, cause it to lose very many more votes than they can furnish. If the friends of Mr. O'Brien are shrewd they must see that his success, however personally agreeable, is not of advantage to the party. "The workers" were full of activity in 1882, and sneered a great deal at their opponents in the party who wore clean clothes. They brought out all their vote, and a ludicrous show they made.

The spirit of 1882 is still abroad. The Republican party will win in 1884 not in the degree that "the workers" bring out their vote, but just in the degree that intelligent and independent Republicans believe that doubtful rings do not control the party. We do not suppose, indeed, that the Republican party will be judged by solitary incidents like the late organization of the city committee in New York. But the frequent multiplication of such incidents would have a most prejudicial effect. Meanwhile everybody familiar with city politics must laugh again as he reads the names of the gentlemen who have kindly taken charge of the local machinery.

A GOOD SIGN FOR HIGH LICENSE.

There is no steadier friend of temperance than the Rev. Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler. He has been long one of the most eloquent and forcible advocates of prohibition. But he now writes a frank and excellent letter to say that as a prohibitionist he wishes to see the Roosevelt high license bill passed and enforced. He is persuaded that the system of licensing saloons can not be at once prevented, and that any proper scheme which will reduce their number is a forward step toward the suppression of the traffic. Moreover, so many good citizens are confident that high license will diminish drunkenness and lessen crime that Dr. Cuyler thinks the experiment ought to be fairly tried, although he is not sanguine of the result.

This is a very significant sign, for it is those who share Dr. Cuyler's views, and who would suppress the traffic altogether, who have been the most resolute opponents of license as a compromise with sin, if not a direct pandering to vice. The strongest enemies of Mr. Roosevelt's bill in the Legislature have been the prohibitionists. This position of all or none in a reform like the temperance movement seems to us unwise, because it dispenses with all the advantages of progressive warfare. Practically the position unites the prohibitionists and the liquor interest against a first great step toward the reduction of the evil.

Dr. Cuyler favors the system of local option as the most effective method of dealing with the dram-shop, and we know it to have been exceedingly beneficial in rural communities. In the city of New York we do not think that it would be very effective. But we gladly record the fact of Dr. Cuyler's support of the Roosevelt bill, without any renunciation of his own views as a suppressionist, because it shows that a strong support may be anticipated from the strongest temperance men for a system of high license stringently enforced.

LONGFELLOW IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

It is pleasant to see how widely and sincerely our Longfellow is honored. His bust has just been placed in Westminster Abbey, with addresses from the British Foreign Secretary, Lord Granville, and from Longfellow's friend, neighbor, and brother poet, Mr. Lowell; and the Consul-General of Brazil transmits to the Cambridge Memorial Committee the amount of contributions made in the empire, headed by the Emperor, and in transmitting it the consul writes a very friendly and appreciative letter.

It is a kindly recognition of a gentle and beautiful genius, and it shows how deeply into the hearts of readers everywhere his pure and tender song had sunk. He was himself the singer of "the simple and heart-felt lay" that he described; and he too will be remembered, although of a very different strain, among "the grand old masters" and "the bards sublime" of his melodious verse.

The Cambridge memorial movement advances slowly, but its progress is no measure of the universal regard for the poet. His children have given the ground, and there should be little delay in raising a statue. Cambridge is our most ancient seat of literature, and it is especially fitting that in Cambridge should stand the statue of the most popular and best-beloved of American authors.

PRISON LABOR.

The question of contract labor in the prisons has been wretchedly mismanaged at Albany. Legislation based upon an effort to pander to ignorant prejudice can not be good legislation, and the proposition of the Democratic Legislature last year to submit the question to the people was a mere shirking of legislative duty. It succeeded in eliciting an expression of opinion from a majority of less than half the voters in the State in favor of abolishing the contract system. The present Legislature appointed a commission to report not later than the 1st of March upon the best system of convict labor; but pending its report a bill was "rushed through" abolishing the contract system, and the term of the commission expired without a report.

The Governor has vetoed the bill for the prolongation of the term of the commission upon the ground that it had already expired; and he has signed the bill abolishing the contract system, and he proposes that, if the commission be revived, its duty should be limited to devising a substitute for the contract system. The mistake in all these proceedings is the assumption that the vote of last year should be regarded as a deliberate and binding renunciation of the contract system. It was, at best, a very doubtful and suspicious expression in favor of such a renunciation. But it was very properly regarded as an instruction to the Legislature to investigate the subject carefully. The action which has been taken, however, disposes without serious thought, and in a loose and bungling manner, of one of the most important of public questions; and as the Republicans control the Legislature, it leaves them in the position of overthrowing the present convict labor system without providing a substitute, and of greatly increasing taxation to sustain the prisons.

The commission will be probably re-appointed. But as the contract system is abolished, their duty must be limited to proposing a substitute for it. The commission, if constituted as before, will certainly not forget that the guiding principle of a convict labor system is not how much money can be made out of the prisoners, but how they can best be reformed; and even if they can report only a substitute for the contract system, they can discuss the whole subject of convict labor, and recommend a sound contract system if they should think it the true policy.

THE NEGLIGENCE OF CONGRESS.

A very much more immediately pressing subject of Congressional legislation than a modification of the tariff is the bill for regulating the count of the electoral vote. It has passed the Senate unanimously, and there is no good reason why it should not be called up and passed with the same unanimity in the House. In the mysterious snarl of the rules of procedure it may be difficult to reach it. But if the Republican and Democratic leaders wished to pass it, it would not be long delayed.

The neglect of the Library question also is shameful. The immense and valuable library of Congress is stacked and piled, and a large part of it is accessible, if at all, only with great difficulty. The collection is rapidly increasing, and there can be no decent or tolerable accommodation for it until a proper building is provided. But Congress dawdles and dawdles, and nothing is done.

These are illustrations of the penalties that are paid for the advantages of party government. These advantages are undeniable. But among the disadvantages is the fact that legislation has chief regard to party benefit and not to the public welfare, and that party spirit blinds partisans to the fact that to promote the public welfare is the best way to secure party advantage.

A SIGN OF THE TIMES.

Mr. Chamberlain, the President of the Board of Trade in England, who is regarded as the most radical member of the Gladstone Ministry, begins a recent article upon "Laborers' and Artisans' Dwellings" in the *Fortnightly Review* with the remark that "social reform is in the air," and he proceeds to make a statement which shows why it is so. "Never before," he says, "was luxurious living so general and wanton in its display, and never before was the misery of the poor more intense, or the conditions of their daily life more hopeless and more degraded. In the course of the last twenty years it is estimated that the annual income of the nation has increased by six hundred millions, but there are still nearly a million persons constantly in receipt of parish relief, and millions more are always on the verge of this necessity." In the *Nineteenth Century* an article by four writers upon "Common-sense and the Dwellings of the Poor" agrees that "*things are very bad, and something must be done.*"

At the same time it appears from a letter from London to the *Tribune* that Mr. Giffen, President of the Statistical Society, states in his inaugural address at the fiftieth session of the society that the workman of to-day receives from thirty to one hundred per cent. more money for twenty per cent. less work than he did fifty years ago; that is, he is paid from half as much more to double as much for the same work; and the purchasing power of his money has not diminished, according to Mr. Giffen, for prices are much the same as they were. Wheat, sugar, and clothing are cheaper, and although meat is dearer, yet fifty years ago meat was seldom seen on working-men's tables. Rents are somewhat higher, but Mr. Giffen thinks that such increase in one or two articles is insufficient to neutralize the general advantage which the working-man has gained. Moreover, the gain from the vast increase of public expenditure for sanitary, educational, and similar purposes is immense.

This last fact is the most suggestive and encouraging in the whole discussion. Whatever Mr. Giffen's statistics may seem to prove, there is an enormous and menacing social problem in vast destitution and pauperism and ignorance and semi-brutality, and the promising sign of the times is that this fact is acknowledged, and that the most intelligent and resolute inquiry is directed to it. This is true both of England and of this country. But here it is unpleasant to see the increasing taste for a merely ostentatious display of wealth and an extravagance of luxury which are not only essentially vulgar, but demoralizing and full of ill presage. The rich man in New York the moderation of whose house and manner of living should reprove the Corinthian revel which is so often emulated would be a true public benefactor, and a seasonable meditation for Lent would be reflection upon the folly of a merely costly and extravagant society.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Frederick E. Church, the distinguished artist, has been in Mexico for his health since last November, and will stay there until early summer. The change of air has benefited him, but he is unable to do any work of importance. One of his latest letters describes with enthusiasm some valley scenery in that country.

—Experience of a governess: "It was once my unfortunate lot to reside in a clergyman's family as governess-housekeeper. I say unfortunate, because during that period my life was made a misery. The children were looked upon by their parents as perfect angels; consequently, if their iron wills were thwarted by word or deed, they would use their flippant tongues and lusty limbs in the most unseemly manner, occasionally giving sly kicks, while one young gentleman of twelve summers once gave me so severe and sudden a slap upon my back in passing down-stairs that I fell head-first."

—In an interesting address on "The Education of the Women of the South," before the Louisiana Educational Society of New Orleans, the Rev. A. D. Mayo said that before the war Northern women did not appreciate the brain power and heart's devotion of Southern women who managed the domestic affairs of a large plantation; that during the war Northern women heard of Southern women's bravery, patriotism, and tenderness through the letters written home from Southern hospitals and battle-fields; and that since the war love links had been numerous, many Southern women having become wives at the North, and many Northern women wives at the South.

—Under the title of the "Grolier Club" a few gentlemen prominent as bibliophiles, publishers, practical designers, printers, etchers, binders, or lithographers have associated themselves for "the study and promotion of the arts entering into the production of books," taking their name from the distinguished statesman, bibliophile, and bookbinder of the sixteenth century, Jean Grolier de Servier.

—The late Prince Henry of the Netherlands was persuaded by M. De Lesseps to build as a speculation a handsome hotel at Port Said at a cost of about $750,000; and when, not long afterward, the speculation had failed, the French engineer offered to buy the property for one-tenth of that sum. The Prince's executors mildly declared that they would sooner blow it up with dynamite, and the British government became the purchaser. A recent visitor at Port Said predicts that this well-built house and its extensive out-buildings will prove an excellent investment for its present owner.

—Dr. Bradley, Dean Stanley's successor, advises school-teachers to give their young pupils full accounts from time to time of any great or marked public events that are taking place, so that they may feel that the horizon of their interests is something larger than that of the school-room and the play-ground. "I venture to recall," he says, "as a good deed of my own, my having at much pains and trouble conveyed to a night's rough quarters in London as many as possible of my young Rugby pupils, in order that they might tell their children's children that they had looked on the funeral of the great Duke of Wellington."

—Says the *Quarterly Review*: "Although the President of the United States has not been all which Washington and Hamilton, Madison and Jay, intended him to be, nothing has occurred in America to be compared with the distortion which the Presidency suffered at the hands of its copyists on the European continent. The imitators of the Constitution of the United States have sometimes made the historical mistake of confounding the later working of some of its parts with that originally intended by its founders. And sometimes they have fallen into the practical error of attempting to combine its characteristics with some of the modern characteristics of the British Constitution. For instance, the constitutional king in France, according to M. Thiers, reigns but does not govern. President Grévy neither reigns nor governs. The President of the United States governs, but he does not reign."

—A foreign critic sums up Mozart as follows: "Mozart alone among operatic composers has been able to preserve precisely the balance between the vocal and the orchestral portion of his work; to weave the orchestra into the whole design, and give individual expression to various instruments, without hampering and overweighting the singers. Even in Beethoven's one exquisite opera the balance is sometimes lost, the singers too much enmeshed in the elaborateness of the accompaniment; and in much of recent German opera the balance is so entirely lost that the result is really an orchestral composition, with explanatory comments by the singers."

—Elizabeth Rowley, an English school-girl, eight years old, has died of inflammation of the brain, and Dr. Moseley, her physician, expresses the opinion that her lessons in school and her hours of study were too great for a healthy child to bear, and that the mental strain she underwent hastened her death.

—Mr. Henry Stanley, as seen some time ago by a traveller on the Congo: "Here he was, seated on his camp chair, his pipe in his mouth, and a semicircle of grinning kinglets squatting in front of him, some of them smoking long-stemmed, little-bowled pipes in complacent silence, and others putting many questions as to his recent journey to Europe, and receiving his replies with expressions of incredulous wonder, tapping their open mouths with their hands. Stanley sat benignly chatting and smoking, his face lighting up with amusement at their naïve remarks, while the bearing of his head still retained that somewhat proud carriage which inspired these African chieftains with a real respect for his wishes, and a desire to retain his friendship."

—Queen Margherita of Italy is represented to have talked with some ladies at a court ball "with all the gentle graciousness of manner for which she is distinguished," and to have danced with the German ambassador, while King Humbert "looked well and animated."

—According to Mr. Labouchere, an English Premier in the incubation of a cabinet is seldom his own master. Every influence is brought to bear upon him to satisfy this or that ambition, and to accept as his colleague this or that man because he is the representative of some great family, or has been a nonentity in some former administration.

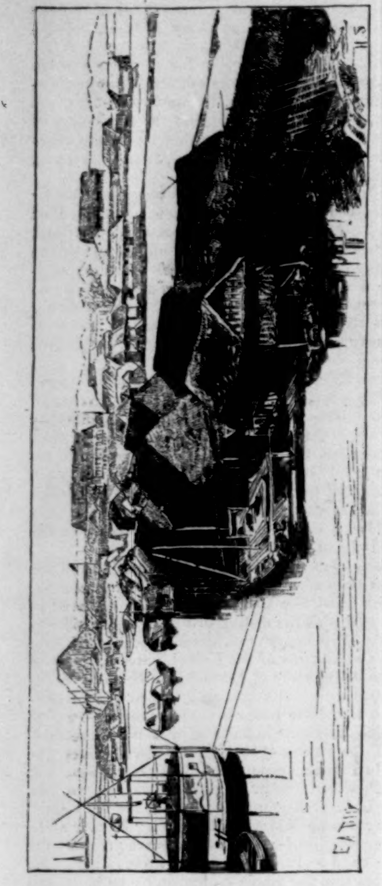
—There is a certain form of emotion, says Professor Tyndall, called intellectual pleasure, which may be excited by poetry, literature, nature, or art; but I doubt whether among the pleasures of the intellect there is any more pure and concentrated than that experienced by the scientific man when a difficulty which has challenged the human mind for ages melts before his eyes, and recrystallizes as an illustration of natural law.

—Cardinal Newman closes a magazine article on the inspiration of the Bible by confessing that he had "unreservedly submitted what I have written to the judgment of the Holy See, being more desirous that the question should be satisfactorily answered than that my own answer should prove to be in every respect the right one."

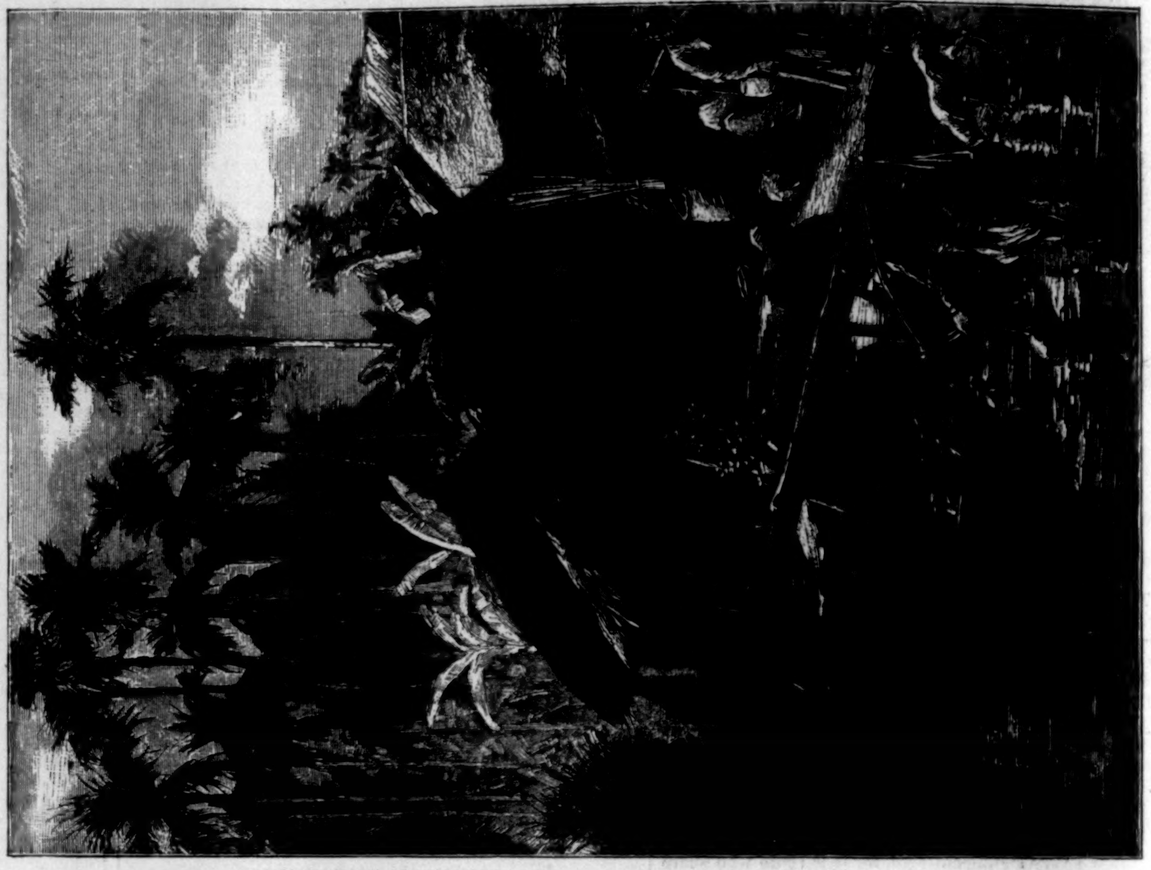
—Mr. Richard A. Proctor reminds his readers that the late distinguished American scientist, Professor Draper, "whose loss followed so quickly and so sadly for science on that of his lamented father," produced photographic plates showing stars which can not be seen through the telescope by which those photographs were taken.

—Professor Huxley relates that forty years ago, when he began his medical studies, it was possible for a medical student to go to London and spend two years and six months of the time of his compulsory three years' "walking the hospitals" in idleness or worse, and then, by putting himself in the hands of a judicious "grinder" for the remaining six months, he could pass triumphantly through the ordeal of one hour's *viva voce* examination, which was all that was absolutely necessary to enable him to be turned loose upon the public, like Death on a pale horse, conquering and to conquer, with the full sanction of the law, as a "qualified practitioner." But "it is difficult to imagine at present such a state of things." In the leading medical colleges of New York it is yearly more difficult to obtain a degree.

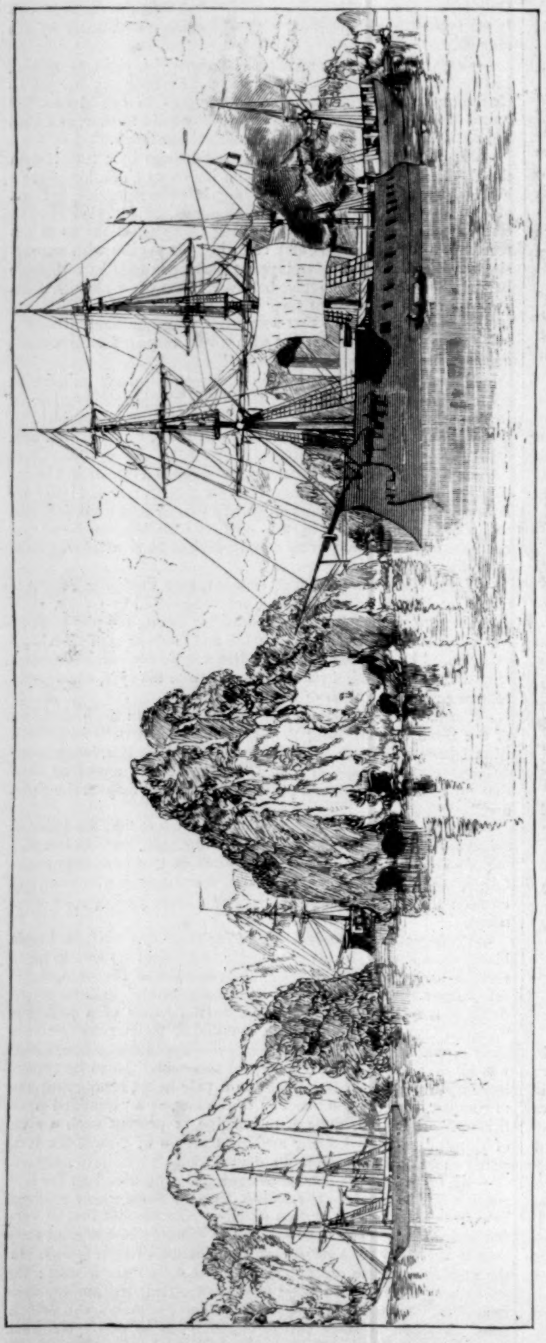
—Mr. Charles T. Congdon, discussing the question how far it is worth while to pry into the private lives of those whose writings have arrested attention or won admiration, concludes that of very few men of genius can it be said that a minute knowledge of their lives is necessary for a satisfactory elucidation of their works. Of the greatest of them, we know already that they are human: the world is no stranger to their weaknesses, their irritability, their jealousies, their indolence, or possibly their sensuality and selfishness. Enough of these things comes down to us by tradition. Moreover, something is due to writers in return for the services which often, amid many difficulties and through much discouragement, they have rendered to their fellow-creatures. Dr. Johnson put the whole matter succinctly when, upon the death of Goldsmith, he said, "Let not his frailties be remembered; he was a very great man."



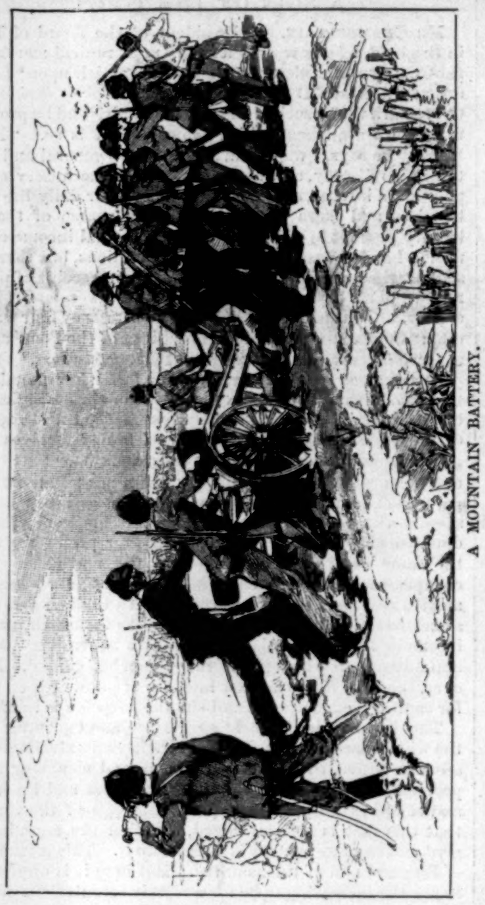
HAI-PHONG—VIEW FROM THE RIVER.



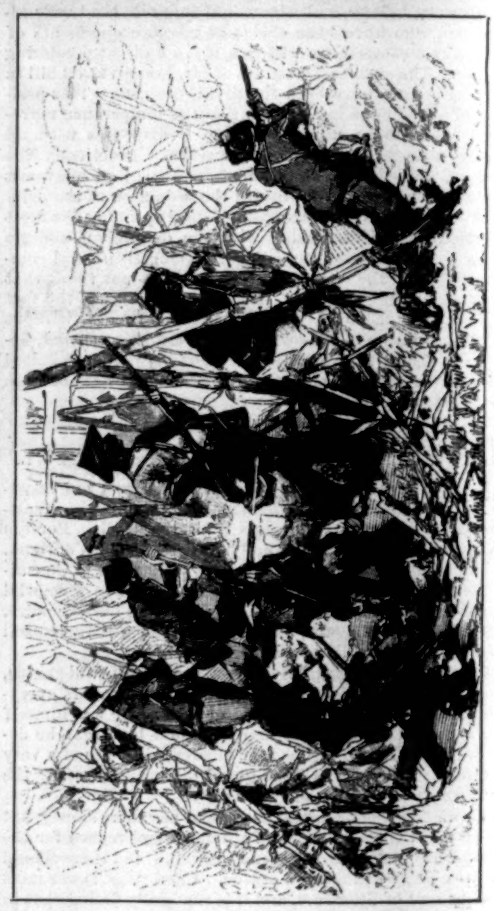
AN ANAMITE HOME.



FRENCH SHIPS OF WAR IN THE HARBOR OF HA-LONG.

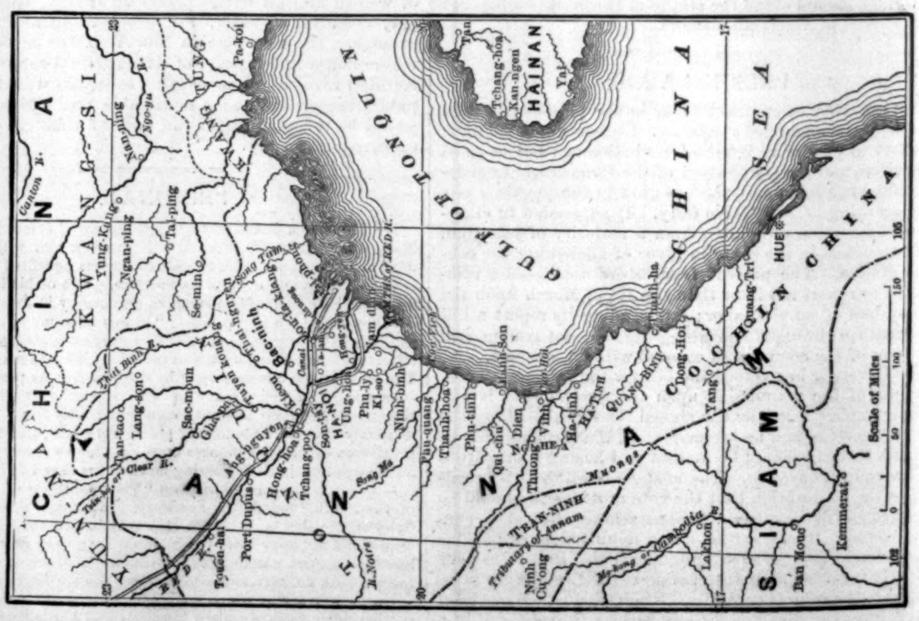


A MOUNTAIN BATTERY.



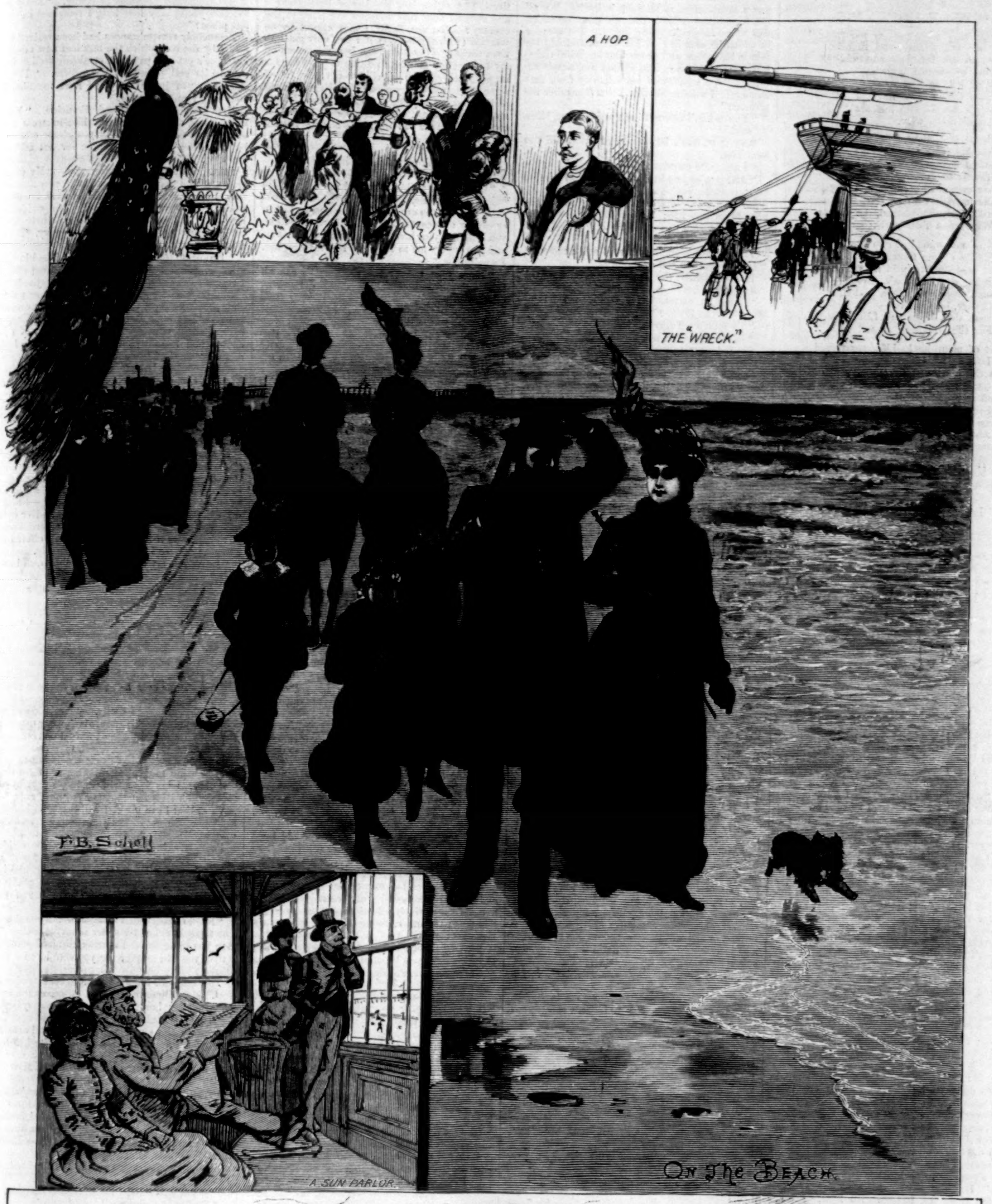
ANAMITE TRAILLEURS.

THE FRENCH INVASION OF TONQUIN.—[See Page 187.]



CHINA
KWANG-SI
YUN-NAN
ANNAM
TONQUIN
GULF OF TONQUIN
HAINAN
CHINA SEA
SIAM
HUE
HA-NOI
Lang-son
Bac-ninh
Hong-hoa
Son-tay
Ninh-binh
Thanh-hoa
Scale of Miles

MAP OF THE SEAT OF WAR.


A HOP.

THE "WRECK."

ON THE BEACH.

A SUN PARLOR.

THE LIGHTHOUSE.

SKETCHES AT ATLANTIC CITY.—Drawn by F. B. Schell.—[See Page 190.]

OUT OF MOURNING.

Heard we gladly, "out of mourning,"
When bright Belle and Blanche
Chose at last for their adorning
Hues of almond branch.
Blue of iris, gule of roses,
Cross Care's sable line:
Sorrow's marble cup incloses
Consolation's wine.

And the low chant, "out of mourning,"
Heralds fresh'ning Spring:
'Neath the rugged March wind's warning
Gleams her emerald ring;
Silver crown with sapphire eyelets,
Cestus rich with pearls;
April's feet, dew-washed, the violets
Wipe upon their curls.

Out of mourning! From their weaving,
Sisters of the Cloud,
O'er bald deserts, wild storms cleaving,
Bring the Rainbow's shroud—
Violet, deep blue, azure, golden,
Orange, burning red—
Shroud that Light and Life have holden
For the Darkness, dead.

Out of mourning! Life-long vernal
Love's "blue flower" gleams
On the border of th' eternal
Garment "without seams";
And forever "out of mourning"—
Sackcloth, ashes, earth,
Drop at threshold of the dawning
And celestial birth.

"I SAY NO:"*

OR,

THE LOVE-LETTER ANSWERED.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "My Lady's Money," "The Moonstone," "No Name," "The Woman in White," etc.

BOOK THE SECOND.

IN LONDON.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

FRANCINE.

"You're surprised to see me, of course?" Saluting Emily in those terms, Francine looked round the parlor with an air of satirical curiosity. "Dear me, what a little place to live in!"

"What brings you to London?" Emily inquired.

"You ought to know, my dear, without asking. Why did I try to make friends with you at school? And why have I been trying ever since? Because I hate you—I mean because I can't resist you—no! I mean because I hate myself for liking you. Oh, never mind my reasons. I insisted on going to London with Miss Ladd, when that horrid woman announced that she had an appointment with her lawyer. I said, 'I want to see Emily.' 'Emily doesn't like you.' 'I don't care whether she likes me or not; I want to see her.' That's the way we snap at each other; and that's how I always carry my point. Here I am, till my duenna finishes her business and fetches me. What a prospect for You! Have you got any cold meat in the house? I'm not a glutton like Cecilia, but I'm afraid I shall want some lunch."

"Don't talk in that way, Francine."

"Do you mean to say you're glad to see me?"

"If you were only a little less hard and bitter, I should always be glad to see you."

"You darling! (excuse my impetuosity). What are you looking at? My new dress? Do you envy me?"

"No; I admire the color—that's all."

Francine rose, and shook out her dress, and showed it from every point of view. "See how it's made: Paris of course. Money, my dear; money will do anything—except making one learn one's lessons."

"Are you not getting on any better, Francine?"

"Worse, my sweet friend—worse. One of the masters, I am happy to say, has flatly refused to teach me any longer. 'Pupils without brains I am accustomed to,' he said in his broken English; 'but a pupil with no heart is beyond my endurance.' Ha! ha! the mouldy old refugee has an eye for character, though. No heart—there I am, described in two words."

"And proud of it," Emily remarked.

"Yes—proud of it. Stop! let me do myself justice. You consider tears a sign that one has some heart, don't you? I was very near crying last Sunday. A popular preacher did it; no less a person than Mr. Mirabel—you look as if you had heard of him."

"I have heard of him from Cecilia."

"Is *she* at Brighton? Then there's one fool more in a fashionable watering-place. Oh, she's in Switzerland, is she? I don't care where she is; I only care about Mr. Mirabel. We all heard he was at Brighton for his health, and was going to preach. Didn't we cram the church! As to describing him, I give it up. He is the only little man I ever admired—hair as long as mine, and the sort of beard you see in pictures. I wish I had his fair complexion and his white hands. We were all in love with him—or with his voice, which was it?—when he began to read the commandments. I wish I could imitate him when he came to the fifth commandment. He began in his deepest bass voice: 'Honor thy father—' He stopped, and looked up to heaven as if he saw the rest of it there. He went on, with a tremendous emphasis on the next word. '*And* thy mother,' he said (as if that was quite a different thing), in a tearful, fluty, quivering voice, which was a compliment to mothers in itself. We all felt it, mothers or not. But the great sensation was when he got into the pulpit. The manner in which he dropped on his knees, and hid his face in his hands, and showed his beautiful rings, was, as a young lady said behind me, simply seraphic. We understood his celebrity from that moment. I wonder whether I can remember the sermon?"

"You needn't attempt it on my account," Emily said.

"My dear, don't be obstinate. Wait till you hear him."

"I am quite content to wait."

"Ah! you're just in the right state of mind to be converted; you're in a fair way to become one of his greatest admirers. They say he is so agreeable in private life; I am dying to know him. Do I hear a ring at the bell? Is somebody else coming to see you?"

The servant brought in a card and a message. "The person will call again, miss."

Emily looked at the name written on the card. "Mrs. Ellmother!" she exclaimed.

"What an extraordinary name!" cried Francine. "Who is she?"

"My aunt's old servant."

"Does she want a situation?"

Emily looked at some lines of writing at the back of the card. Dr. Allday had rightly foreseen events. Rejected by the doctor, Mrs. Ellmother had no alternative but to ask Emily to help her.

"If she is out of place," Francine went on, "she may be just the sort of person I am looking for."

"You?" Emily asked, in astonishment.

Francine refused to explain until she got an answer to her question. "Tell me first," she said, "is Mrs. Ellmother engaged?"

"No; she wants an engagement, and she asks me to be her reference."

"Is she sober, honest, middle-aged, clean, steady, good-tempered, industrious?" Francine rattled on. "Has she all the virtues, and none of the vices? Is she not too good-looking, and has she no male followers? In one terrible word, will she satisfy Miss Ladd?"

"What has Miss Ladd to do with it?"

"How stupid you are, Emily! Do put the woman's card down on the table, and listen to me. Haven't I told you that one of my masters has declined to have anything more to do with me? Doesn't that help you to understand how I get on with the rest of them? I am no longer Miss Ladd's pupil, my dear. Thanks to my laziness and my temper, I am to be raised to the dignity of 'a parlor boarder.' In other words, I am to be a young lady who patronizes the school, with a room of my own and a servant of my own. All provided for by a private arrangement between my father and Miss Ladd before I left the West Indies. My mother was at the bottom of it, I have not the least doubt. You don't appear to understand me."

"I don't indeed!"

Francine considered a little. "Perhaps they were fond of you at home," she suggested.

"Say they loved me, Francine—and I loved them."

"Ah, my position is just the reverse of yours. Now they have got rid of me, they don't want me back again at home. I know as well what my mother said to my father as if I had heard her. 'Francine will never get on at school at her age. Try her, by all means; but make some other arrangement with Miss Ladd in case of a failure, or she will be returned on our hands like a bad shilling.' There is my mother, my anxious, affectionate mother, hit off to a T."

"She *is* your mother, Francine; don't forget that."

"Oh no, I won't forget it. My cat is my kitten's mother. There, there, I won't shock your sensibilities. Let us get back to matter of fact. When I begin my new life Miss Ladd makes one condition. My maid is to be a model of discretion—an elderly woman, not a skittish young person who will only encourage me. I must submit to the elderly woman, or I shall be sent back to the West Indies after all. How long did Mrs. Ellmother live with your aunt?"

"Twenty-five years, and more."

"Good heavens! it's a lifetime. Why isn't this amazing creature living with you, now that your aunt is dead? Did you send her away?"

"Certainly not."

"Then why did she go?"

"I don't know."

"Do you mean that she went away without a word of explanation?"

"Yes, that is exactly what I mean."

"When did she go? As soon as your aunt was dead?"

"That doesn't matter, Francine."

"In plain English, you won't tell me? I am all on fire with curiosity—and that is how you put me out!"

She seated herself by Emily on the sofa, and put her arm in an outburst of affection round Emily's waist. "My dear, if you have the slightest regard for me, let us have the woman in here when she comes back for her answer. Somebody must satisfy me. I mean to make Mrs. Ellmother explain herself."

"I don't think you will succeed, Francine."

"Wait a little, and you will see. By-the-bye, it is understood that my new position at the school gives me the privilege of accepting invitations. Do you know any nice people to whom you can introduce me?"

"I am the last person in the world who has a chance of helping you," Emily answered. "Excepting good Dr. Allday—" On the point of adding the name of Alban Morris, she checked herself without knowing why, and substituted the name of her school friend. "—and not forgetting Cecilia," she resumed, "I know nobody."

"Cecilia's a fool," Francine remarked, gravely; "but now I think of it, she may be worth cultivating. Her father is a Member of Parliament—and didn't I hear that he has a fine place in the country? You see, Emily, I may expect to be married (with my money), if I can only get into good society. (Don't suppose I am dependent on my father; my marriage portion is provided for in my uncle's will.) Cecilia may really be of some use to me. Why shouldn't I make a friend of her, and get introduced to her father—in the autumn, you know, when the house is full of company? Have you any idea when she is coming back?"

"No."

"Do you think of writing to her?"

"Of course."

"Give her my kind love, and say I hope she enjoys Switzerland."

"Francine, you are positively shameless! After calling my dearest friend a fool and a glutton, you send her your love for your own selfish ends, and you expect me to help you in deceiving her. I won't do it."

"Keep your temper, my child. We are all selfish, you little goose. The only difference is, some of us own it, and some of us don't. I shall find my own way to Cecilia's good graces quite easily: the way is through her mouth. You mentioned a certain Dr. Allday. Does he give parties? And do the right sort of men go to them? Hush! I think I hear the bell again. Go to the door, and see who it is."

Emily waited, without taking any notice of this suggestion. The servant announced that "the person had called again to know if there was any answer."

"Show her in here," Emily said.

The servant withdrew, and came back again.

"The person doesn't wish to intrude, miss; it will be quite sufficient if you will send a message by me."

Emily crossed the room to the door.

"Come in, Mrs. Ellmother," she said. "You have been too long away already. Pray come in."

CHAPTER XXIX.

"BONY."

Mrs. Ellmother reluctantly entered the room. Since Emily had seen her last, her personal appearance doubly justified the nickname by which her late mistress had distinguished her. The old servant was worn and wasted; her gown hung loose on her angular body; the big bones of her face stood out more prominently than ever. She took Emily's offered hand doubtingly. "I hope I see you well, miss," she said, with hardly a vestige left of her former firmness of voice and manner.

"I am afraid you have been suffering from illness," Emily answered, gently.

"It's the life I'm leading that wears me down; I want work and change."

Making that reply, she looked round, and discovered Francine observing her with undisguised curiosity. "You have got company with you," she said to Emily; "I had better go away, and come back another time."

Francine stopped her before she could open the door. "You mustn't go away; I wish to speak to you."

"About what, miss?"

The eyes of the two women met—one, near the end of her life, concealing under a rugged surface a nature sensitively affectionate and incorruptibly true; the other, young in years, without the virtues of youth, hard in manner and hard at heart. In silence on either side, they stood face to face—strangers brought together by the force of circumstances, working inexorably toward their hidden end.

Emily introduced Mrs. Ellmother to Francine. "It may be worth your while," she hinted, "to hear what this young lady has to say."

Mrs. Ellmother listened, with little appearance of interest in anything that a stranger might have to say; her eyes rested on the card which contained her written request to Emily. Francine, watching her closely, understood what was passing in her mind. It might be worth while to conciliate the old woman by a little act of attention. Turning to Emily, Francine pointed to the card lying on the table. "You have not attended yet to Mrs. Ellmother's request," she said.

Emily at once assured Mrs. Ellmother that the request was granted. "But is it wise," she asked, "to go out to service again at your age?"

"I have been used to service all my life, Miss Emily—that's one reason. And service may help me to get rid of my own thoughts—that's another. If you can find me a situation somewhere you will be doing me a good turn."

"Is it useless to suggest that you might come back and live with me?" Emily ventured to say.

Mrs. Ellmother's head sank on her breast. "Thank you kindly, miss; it *is* useless."

"Why is it useless?" Francine asked.

Mrs. Ellmother was silent.

"Miss De Sor is speaking to you," Emily reminded her.

"Am I to answer Miss De Sor?"

Attentively observing what passed, and placing her own construction on looks and tones, it suddenly struck Francine that Emily herself might be in Mrs. Ellmother's confidence, and that she might have reasons of her own for assuming ignorance when awkward questions were asked. For the moment, at least, Francine decided on keeping her suspicions to herself.

"I may, perhaps, offer you the employment you want," she said to Mrs. Ellmother. "I am staying at Brighton for the present with the lady who was Miss Emily's school-mistress, and I am in need of a maid. Would you be willing to consider it if I proposed to engage you?"

"Yes, miss."

"In that case you can hardly object to the customary inquiry. Why did you leave your last place?"

Mrs. Ellmother appealed to Emily. "Did you tell this young lady how long I remained in my last place?"

Melancholy remembrances had been revived in Emily by the turn which the talk had now taken. Francine's cat-like patience, stealthily feeling its way to its end, jarred on her nerves. "Yes," she said; "in justice to you I have mentioned your long term of service."

Mrs. Ellmother addressed Francine. "You know, miss, that I served my late mistress for over twenty-five years. Will you please remember that, and let it be a reason for not asking me why I left my place?"

Francine smiled compassionately. "My good creature, you have mentioned the very reason why I *should* ask! You live five-and-twenty years with your mistress, and then suddenly leave her, and you expect me to pass over this extraordinary proceeding without inquiry. Take a little time to think."

"I want no time to think. What I had in my mind when I left Miss Letitia is something which I refuse to explain, miss, to you or to anybody."

She recovered some of her old firmness when she made that reply. Francine saw the necessity of yielding—for the time at least. Emily remained silent, oppressed by remembrance of the doubts and fears which had darkened the last miserable days of her aunt's illness. She began already to regret having made Francine and Mrs. Ellmother known to each other.

"I won't dwell on what appears to be a painful subject," Francine graciously resumed. "I meant no offense. You are not angry, I hope?"

"Sorry, miss. I might have been angry at one time. That time is over."

It was said sadly and resignedly. Emily heard the answer. Her heart ached as she looked at the old servant, and thought of the contrast between past and present. With what a hearty welcome this broken woman had been used to receive her in the by-gone holiday-time! Her eyes moistened. She felt the merciless persistency of Francine as if it had been an insult offered to herself. "Give it up," she said, sharply.

"Leave me, my dear, to manage my own business," Francine replied. "About your qualifications," she continued, turning coolly to Mrs. Ellmother. "Can you dress hair?"

"Yes."

"I ought to tell you," Francine insisted, "that I am very particular about my hair."

"My mistress was very particular about her hair," Mrs. Ellmother answered.

"Are you a good needle-woman?"

"As good as ever I was—with the help of my spectacles."

Francine turned to Emily. "See how well we will get on together! We are beginning to understand each other already. I am an odd creature, Mrs. Ellmother. Sometimes I take sudden likings to persons. I have taken a liking to you. Do you begin to think a little better of me than you did? I hope you will produce the right impression on Miss Ladd; you shall have every assistance that I can give. I will beg Miss Ladd as a favor to me not to ask you that one forbidden question."

Poor Mrs. Ellmother, puzzled by the sudden appearance of Francine in the character of an eccentric young lady, the creature of genial impulse, thought it right to express her gratitude for the promised interference in her favor. "That's kind of you, miss," she said.

"No, no; only just. I ought to tell you there's one thing Miss Ladd is strict about—sweethearts. Are you quite sure," Francine inquired, jocosely, "that you can answer for yourself in that particular?"

This effort of humor produced its intended effect. Mrs. Ellmother, thrown off her guard, actually smiled. "Lord, miss, what will you say next!"

"My good soul, I will say something next that is more to the purpose. If Miss Ladd asks me why you have so unaccountably refused to be a servant again in this house, I shall take care to say that it is certainly not out of dislike to Miss Emily."

"You need say nothing of the sort," Emily quietly remarked.

"And still less," Francine proceeded, without noticing the interruption—"still less through any disagreeable remembrances of Miss Emily's aunt."

Mrs. Ellmother saw the trap that had been set for her. "It won't do, miss," she said.

"What won't do?"

"Trying to pump me."

Francine burst out laughing. Emily noticed an artificial ring in her gayety, which suggested that she was exasperated rather than amused by the repulse which had baffled her curiosity once more.

Mrs. Ellmother reminded the merry young lady that the proposed arrangement between them had not been concluded yet. "Am I to understand, miss, that you will keep a place open for me in your service?"

"You are to understand," Francine answered, sharply, "that I must have Miss Ladd's approval before I can engage you. Suppose you come to Brighton? I will pay your fare, of course."

"Never mind my fare, miss. Will you give up pumping?"

"Make your mind easy. It's quite useless to attempt pumping *you*. When will you come?"

Mrs. Ellmother pleaded for a little delay. "I'm altering my gowns," she said. "I get thinner and thinner—don't I, Miss Emily? My work won't be done before Thursday."

"Let us say Friday, then," Francine proposed.

"Friday!" Mrs. Ellmother exclaimed. "You forget that Friday is an unlucky day."

"I forgot that, certainly. How can you be so absurdly superstitious?"

"You may call it what you like, miss. I have good reason to think as I do. I was married on a Friday, and a bitter, bad marriage it turned out to be. Superstitious, indeed! You don't know what my experience has been. My only sister was one of a party of thirteen at dinner, and she died within a year. If we are to get on together nicely, I'll take that journey on Saturday, if you please."

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1409.

"Anything to satisfy you," Francine agreed. "There is the address. Come in the middle of the day, and we will give you your dinner. No fear of our being thirteen in number. What will you do if you have the misfortune to spill the salt?"

"Take a pinch between my finger and thumb, and throw it over my left shoulder," Mrs. Ellmother answered, gravely. "Good-day, miss."

"Good-day."

Emily followed the departing visitor out to the hall. She had seen and heard enough to decide her on trying to break off the proposed negotiation, with the one kind purpose of protecting Mrs. Ellmother against the pitiless curiosity of Francine.

"Do you think you and that young lady are likely to get on well together?" she asked.

"I have told you already, Miss Emily, I want to get away from my own home and my own thoughts; I don't care where I go, so long as I do that." Having answered in those words, Mrs. Ellmother opened the door, and waited awhile, thinking. "I wonder whether the dead know what is going on in the world they have left?" she said, looking at Emily. "If they do, there's one among them knows my thoughts, and feels for me. Good-by, miss—and don't think worse of me than I deserve."

Emily went back to the parlor. The only resource left was to plead with Francine for mercy to Mrs. Ellmother.

"Do you really mean to give it up?" she asked.

"To give up—what? 'Pumping,' as that obstinate old creature calls it?"

Emily persisted. "Don't worry the poor old soul. However strangely she may have left my aunt and me, her motives are kind and good; I am sure of that. Will you let her keep her harmless little secret?"

"Oh, of course!"

"I don't believe you, Francine."

"Don't you? I am like Cecilia: I am getting hungry. Shall we have some lunch?"

"You hard-hearted creature!"

"Does that mean—no luncheon until I have owned the truth? Suppose *you* own the truth? I won't tell Mrs. Ellmother that you have betrayed her."

"For the last time, Francine—I know no more about it than you do. If you persist in taking your own view, you as good as tell me I lie; and you will oblige me to leave the room."

Even Francine's obstinacy was compelled to give way, so far as appearances went. Still possessed by the delusion that Emily was deceiving her, she was now animated by a stronger motive than mere curiosity. Her sense of her own importance imperatively urged her to prove that she was not a person who could be deceived with impunity.

"I beg your pardon," she said, with humility. "But I must positively have it out with Mrs. Ellmother. She has been more than a match for me; my turn next. I mean to get the better of her, and I shall succeed."

"I have already told you, Francine—you will fail."

"My dear, I am a dunce, and I don't deny it. But let me tell you one thing. I haven't lived all my life in the West Indies, among black servants, without learning something."

"What do you mean?"

"More, my clever friend, than you are likely to guess. In the mean time don't forget the duties of hospitality. Ring the bell for luncheon."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE FRENCH IN TONQUIN.

In a previous issue of the **Weekly** we gave an account of the advance of the French on Ha-noi, the capital of Tonquin, and illustrated it by some views of that little-known city. Since that date several important events have taken place—the capture of Sontay by the forces under the command of Admiral **Courbet** on the 16th of December, and of Bac-ninh on the 12th inst. This town, situated on the right bank of the Red River delta, with its fortress, is one of the keys of the delta, but it and the ports surrounding it were captured after a desperate resistance. After the fall of this stronghold the French flotilla cleared the region near Ha-noi and Hai-phong (the latter being the port from which the steamer sails for Canton) of the so-called pirates, and a body of Yellow Flags was organized to act against the hostile Black Flags. But even when France was in possession of Sontay it would be impossible to hold the country as long as the strong place of Bac-ninh was in the hands of the enemy. Bacninh is one of the gates to China, and it was from this town that the Chinese forces might have been expected to attack the French line of communication if any serious resistance were made by the empire. All negotiations between the French and Chinese governments having fallen through, the French commanders were ordered to prepare to occupy the place. General **Millot** was sent out to take the chief command. The French gun-boats, according to advices from London, under date March 1, occupied the extreme post of the Tonquinese army on the Long-koi River, ten miles below Bac-ninh, and it was further stated that thirty thousand Chinese troops had entered the citadel. General **Millot** at the same time pushed forward from Ha-noi with the land forces, and encountered no opposition.

The Chinese had endeavored to bar the direct road by a series of intrenchments and redoubts, but the general, avoiding this direct route, after surmounting three of the palisaded ditches, turned to the right along the canal, and telegraphed to General **Négrier** to advance from Hai-dzuong, and effect a junction with his forces. Bac-ninh itself, like the other fortresses in Tonquin, was erected in the last century by French engineers, and is of the old **Vauban** type. The garrison consisted of Chinese troops, who had been strongly re-enforced from over the border. The town round the citadel consists of five or six thousand thatched houses.

Although the country around Bac-ninh presented admirable facilities for a strong defense, the French troops apparently encountered very little opposition in the capture of the town. The Chinese, demoralized by the turning movements of the combined French columns, abandoned their positions, and fled by the Thai-nguyen road. Their loss is said to have been heavy. A **Krupp** battery and much ammunition were found in the citadel.

THE HON. E. H. FUNSTON.

This gentleman, who was recently elected to Congress to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Mr. **Haskell**, was born in 1837 in Clark County, Ohio, where he resided until he reached the age of twenty-six years. He was educated at the New Carlisle Academy. On the breaking out of the war he enlisted in the army, and served four years as a lieutenant in the Sixteenth Ohio Battery of Light Artillery. In 1867 he removed to Kansas, bought a farm of raw prairie land in Allen County, where he now resides, and by his intelligent industry has made it one of the finest farms in the State. Mr. **Funston** has always been a Republican, was a member of the Lower House of the Legislature in 1873–4–5, and was Speaker of the House in 1875. He was elected to the State Senate in 1880. Mr. **Funston**'s majority over his Democratic competitor in the recent election was about 5000.

BISHOP CLARKSON.

The Right Rev. **Robert Harper Clarkson**, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Nebraska, who died at his home in Omaha on the 10th inst., was of English descent, and was born at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, in the year 1826. Many of his ancestors were also ministers, his grandfather and great-grandfather both being clergymen of the Protestant Episcopal Church, the former having resided and officiated as such in Lancaster, Pennsylvania. The Bishop was educated for the Church. After graduating from a Pennsylvania college he went to the theological school of St. James's College, in Maryland, from which he received a diploma in 1848. Soon afterward he was appointed Rector of St. James's Episcopal Church, in Chicago, and he held that position until 1865. He had endeared himself to the people of St. James's Church, and left them only from a sense of duty to accept the important charge of Bishop of Nebraska and Dakota. He removed to Omaha in November of that year, and resided there until his death. He was chiefly instrumental in establishing about fifty Episcopal churches in his diocese. For about twenty-five years he held the position of Trustee of the Racine and Neosho colleges, in Wisconsin. He was married in 1849 to **Meliora McPherson**, of Hagerstown, Maryland. He had two daughters. Bishop **Clarkson** was admired for his abilities and high sense of honor, and his genial personal qualities made him a popular favorite everywhere.

ICEBERGS AT SEA.

The extraordinary winter through which we have just passed—unless it is a delusive hope that suggests the expression "passed"—seems to be the prelude to an extraordinary spring. The ice of the North is making its appearance in the ocean at an unusually early period. The transatlantic steamers have encountered at this time of the season icebergs in vast numbers and of unusual size. The steamer *Gloucester* passed twenty-three icebergs, and met several fields of ice which compelled it to deviate from its course. The *Abyssinia*, which arrived at this port on the 7th of this month, saw on one occasion no less than seventy icebergs. They were of all imaginable shapes: huge peaks of glittering translucency towered up far above the mast-heads of the vessel, while from crag to crag of the precipitous islands of ice flocks of sea-birds screamed and flew. The sun was bright and the sky unclouded, and the sides of the massive bergs were lit up by the solar beams with marvellous effect. The route followed by the ship was thickly strewn by lesser fragments of ice, small, indeed, by comparison with the others, but still large enough to deserve the name of islands. Over these nearer obstacles the waves broke in foam and surf, while in the distance could be heard the loud splash of water as some gigantic mountain-peak swung headlong downward when the melting of the subaqueous portions rendered it top-heavy. Often the falling mass would strike some other berg, and detach enormous fragments to increase the extent of floating débris.

The steamer *Norseman* reported, February 28, that she had steamed along a solid wall of ice for a distance of 110 miles, while a number of icebergs were in sight extending as far as eye could reach. The telegraph steamer *Minia*, from Falmouth to St. Pierre Miquelon, had to heave to under an iceberg four miles in circumference. In fact, every arrival reports an unusual number of bergs, many of them much further south than is usual. The loss of ships and lives in the ice-fields must be unusually large, and many vessels are reported to be caught in the ice-fields. The earliness of the ice movement is unparalleled. Field ice was encountered on January 28, and on the 31st the *Britannic* met heavy fields. The first victim was the *Notting Hill*, which on February 2 ran into a heavy pack, and then struck a submerged iceberg. She managed to keep afloat till the *State of Nebraska* hove in sight and rescued the crew. The first large berg was met by the *Ludgate Hill* on February 9, and from that date all the later reports confirm the presence of heavy packs of field ice and large icebergs north of latitude forty-two degrees, and between forty-eight and fifty degrees longitude. The ice this year is heavier than in last year, and having reached the lower latitudes several days earlier, renders any northerly course dangerous in the highest degree.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A writer who was admitted to Osman Digna's camp found the famous chief sitting on the ground, and wearing only a very dirty sheet and a straw cap. "He appeared to me," says the writer, "to be a very common sort of man." It could hardly have been expected that in such a uniform Osman would appear as gorgeous as a brigadier-general of militia.

It was an Irish night-watchman at Castle Garden who reported to his superior that there were so many immigrants in the rotunda that there "wasn't even standing-room for them to lie down."

The Eliot Bible which brought nearly a thousand dollars at the recent Murphy library sale had once been sold at considerably above a round thousand, and had once been bought for a song at the stand of a dealer in second-hand books.

A writer in London says it has been discovered that it is impossible to dine and go to the theatre on the same evening. There are at least two reasons why it is not possible to do both: the evening is too short, and dinner incapacitates the partaker for theatre-going. To be sure, he might go and listen and look on in a quiet and stupid way, but after dining well he is far too sluggish to be brilliant in conversation while the play is going on, and to be in the necessary degree a nuisance to the unfashionable people in the pit. So he stays his appetite with shreds of viands, and appears at the theatre cheery of voice and full of wit. After the theatre comes supper, which is something quite substantial, and is served a little after midnight.

There is in Western Massachusetts a class of mendicants called cider beggars. Whether they beg anything but cider is not stated. It is presumable, however, that they do; but if they do not they can dispose of their solution of the problem of life at round figures to persons who stand ready to forego cider and live in untroubled retirement.

A newspaper of Georgia says that there have been comparatively few marriages this year within the field of its observations. It being leap-year, says this journal, the ladies are afraid to marry, lest it should be thought that they popped the question. Less sensitive to public opinion are the fifty young women who recently sailed from England for New Caledonia to be married to well-conducted convicts. In France, it seems, there is a considerable number of young men who do not consider themselves bound by leap-year etiquette; for Mlle. Daire, the country girl who recently won the 100,000-franc lottery prize, has already received more than a hundred offers of marriage.

In a barber's shop of this city a music-box is kept playing. It is a tiny and low-toned affair, and does not interfere with the conversation.

Variety has been imparted to social gossip in Baltimore by a romance which began in a court-room and ended at the altar. Last spring a number of persons began an action to break the will of a resident who had died possessed of great wealth. One of the interested persons was a physician, and his pretty daughter was a regular attendant in court. A young member of the Corn and Flour Exchange was in the jury-box, and it was remarked that he evinced deeper interest in the fair daughter of the medical litigant than in the testimony as to the decedent's mental condition at the time of signing his last will and testament. The verdict implied that the old gentleman was of utterly unsound mind when he forgot to name the doctor in the document. In an application for a new trial it was claimed that the susceptible juror had said to one of the eleven other intelligent men, "What a chance a young fellow would have if he gave a verdict in her favor!" and, "How can we bring in a verdict against such a pretty girl?" It was, moreover, shown that after the will had been set aside this young juror and the doctor's daughter were married, and that their engagement dated from a blissful moment prior to the making of the verdict. The Court, however, held that there was not sufficient ground for granting a new trial.

Opponents of the new Mexican treaty said that it proposed to admit to the United States an already formidable crop in exchange for a few agricultural implements, and a long list of mechanical contrivances, such as accordions, music-boxes, and similar devices. Now that the treaty is ratified, it is to be hoped that the Mexican traders will avail themselves of the free trade in accordions to the full extent to which the populace will submit without revolution. In that way the treaty can be made a great success in the estimation of everybody north of the Rio Grande.

The quality of Oscar Wilde's wit seems to be improving. He has recently said that the national occupation in America is train-catching.

In Delaware a murderer was sentenced to be hanged on the 14th of the present month. Three days before the time set for the execution the Governor respited him till the year 1940. The condemned man is twenty-six years of age. At the expiration of the lease of life granted him he will be eighty-two years old if he is then living. As he must enter upon the intervening period of fifty-six years in prison and under sentence of death, the chances of his dying on the scaffold are very small.

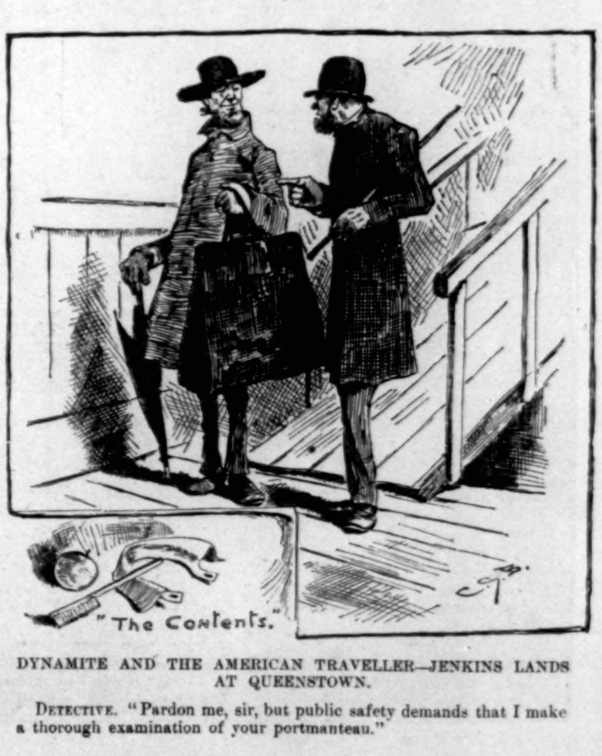
Tricycles are utilized in London for the distribution of papers to newsboys at different points in the city. The machines easily carry from four hundred to five hundred papers, and it is said that their drivers get about more quickly than they could with the horses and carts generally used for that purpose.

A marine insurance company has kept tally of the number of steam-ship shafts broken at sea in the past three years. The tally stood at two hundred and ten a few days ago. In some instances the mishap resulted in the loss of the vessel, and in many cases there was serious delay. An officer of the company recommends that constructors, engineers, captains, and owners of steam-ships turn their attention to devising some adequate means of temporarily repairing broken shafts at sea.

The cyclone pits which the Western farmers are building are described as being in size proportionate to the number of persons in the family. A pit ten feet square and sunk to the depth of twenty feet is the average size. About four feet below the surface heavy timbers are placed over the hole, earth is thrown on and made even with the surface around, and at the southwest corner an opening three feet square is left. In these places of refuge the farmers expect to find safety in any gale that doesn't blow the wells out of the ground.

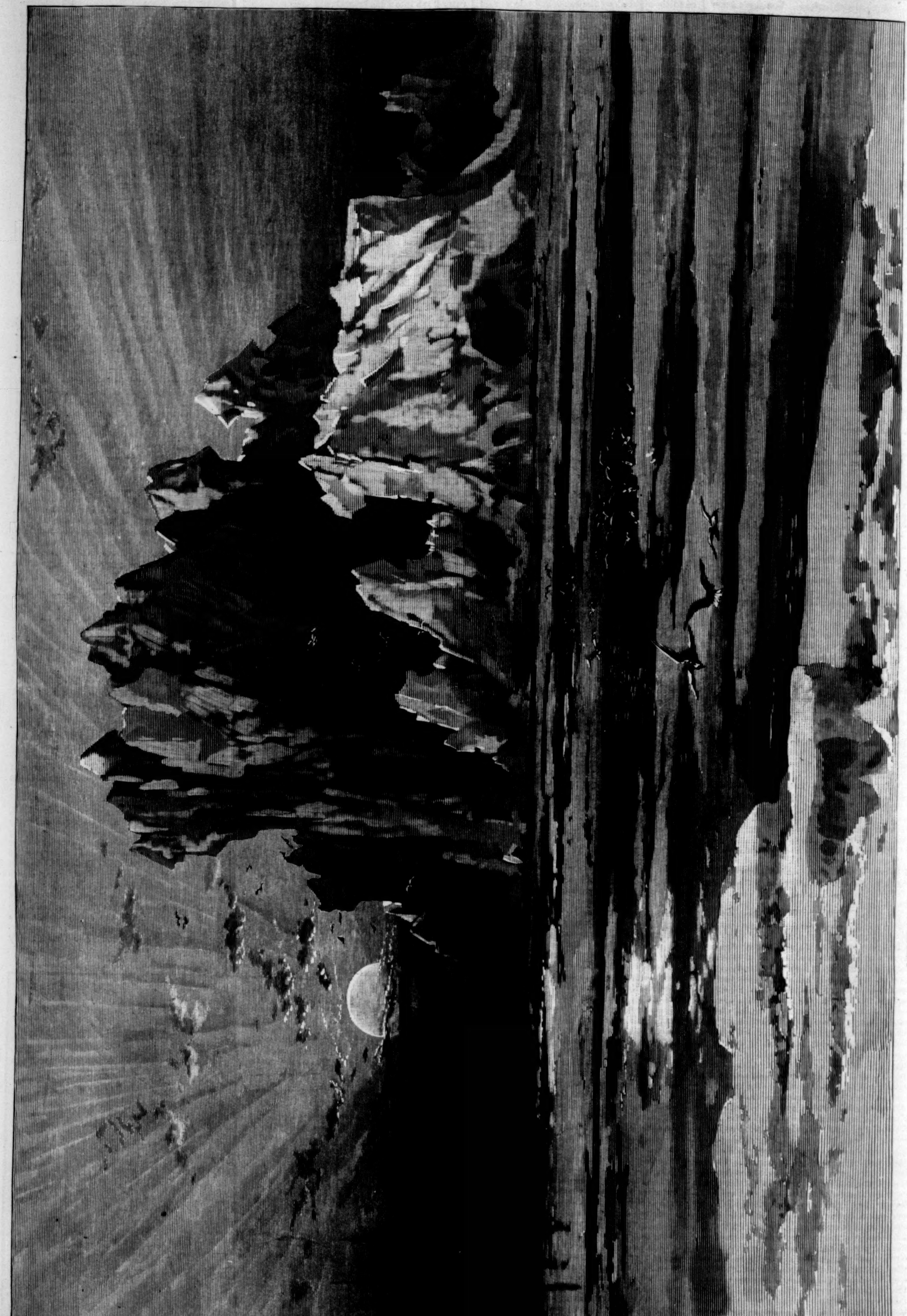
The Treasury Department has learned that foreign brokers are making heavy purchases in the United States of trade dollars at a discount of ten per cent. or more, and propose to dispose of them at their nominal value to emigrants about to sail for this country.

To prevent conductors from pocketing fares, the passenger agent of a Western railroad made a rule that they must give to each person paying fare on a train a check for five cents, redeemable at any station. Passengers who are disposed to be frugal can profit a little by this rule. A man who made a round trip recently over part of the road paid his fare from station to station, and at the end he had acquired conductor's checks amounting to $3 80. The fares had cost him thirty cents more than the regular price of a ticket for the whole distance; so his actual saving was $3 50. The conductor would hardly have taken that much.

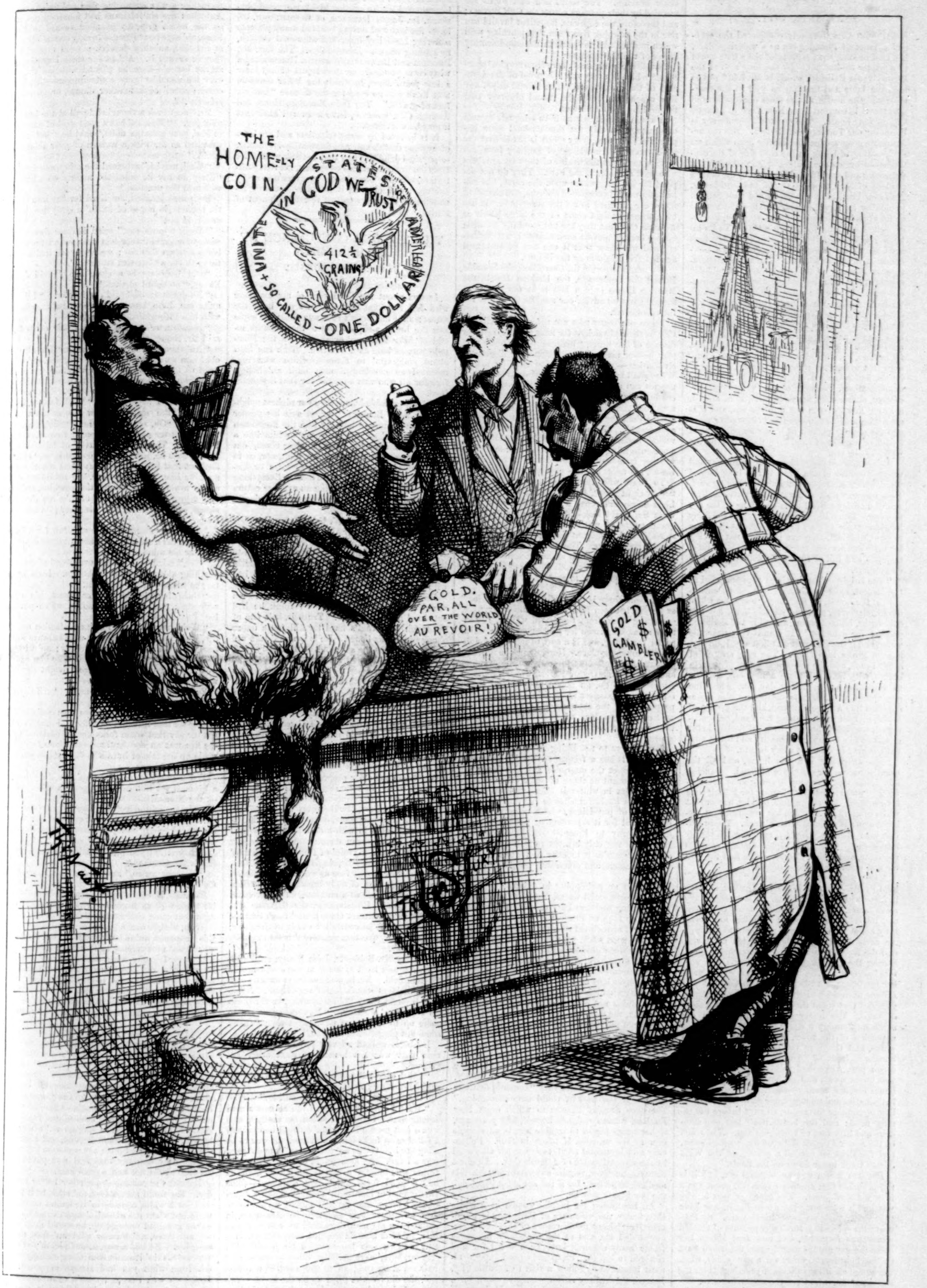

"The Contents."

DYNAMITE AND THE AMERICAN TRAVELLER—JENKINS LANDS AT QUEENSTOWN.

Detective. "Pardon me, sir, but public safety demands that I make a thorough examination of your portmanteau."



ICEBERGS IN THE TRACK OF EUROPEAN STEAMERS.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 187.]


THE HOME-LY COIN
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
IN GOD WE TRUST
412½ GRAINS
SO CALLED - ONE DOLLAR
GOLD, PAR, ALL OVER THE WORLD AU REVOIR!
GOLD GAMBLER $ $
TREASURY
U S

THE SILVER DELUSION.

[$4,500,000 IN GOLD SENT ABROAD MARCH 9.]

PAN(IC) IN WALL STREET. "Uncle Sam, in God you *trust*, but you will have to *pay* this gentleman, if you don't repeal that Bland Silver Act."

WINTER SANITARIUMS.

ATLANTIC CITY.

Atlantic City, formerly considered the especial adjunct of Philadelphia as a watering-place, has now become the property of the whole world as a winter sanitarium. By the long arm of the Pennsylvania Railroad, which is stretched out to help the lame and the lazy as well as the energetic and the healthful, the most delicate invalid may travel in comfort from New York to Atlantic City in four hours. The coast of New Jersey is becoming our Torquay, our Riviera. But the unfortunate geographical peculiarity from which we suffer—that of being on the cold side of the continent—prevents our finding at Atlantic City the primroses and camellias of Torquay, or the orange gardens of Nice, to which our latitude entitles us. An inner bend of the much-quoted Gulf Stream (which by its fervid embrace makes Devonshire so floral and so temperate in winter) has, however, done something for Atlantic City. To its influence we must attribute the geniality and curious softness of atmosphere which greets the new-comer at this favored spot. The mean temperature in January is 35°, and often at mid-day stands at 50° in the coldest months of our Northern year. Unlike the other sanitariums of which we have spoken, which have comparatively few outside attractions, Atlantic City is a city indeed. One forgets that it is a town of only six thousand inhabitants, and on arriving one is reminded of the English Brighton. It has street railways, omnibus lines, immense avenues (some of them a hundred feet wide, with ambitious names), dozens of hotels, handsome private villas, churches of all denominations, schools, shops, winter parlors, casinos, club-houses, libraries, etc. It is, indeed, a lesser Newport run out into the sea, and it is almost impossible to believe that twenty-five years ago the greater portion of it was an uninhabited island, or a chain of sand hills thrown up by the waves of the sea.

An unexpected suggestion of the prosperity and progressiveness of the town is the long line of piers, which stretches out into the boiling surf. Here one may walk and watch the waves as they roll in, and lay a hand upon the mane of the sea monster. Down in the deep clear water the finny inhabitants are as busy in their element as we are in ours, although they are probably not looking for their lost nervous energy. The sea is sublime, majestic, and full of roar at Atlantic City as it is everywhere.

"The Brighton" having been recommended as the largest, most fashionable, and most comfortable of the hotels, we find there "warm luxurious rooms, elevators, gas, and electric bells, hot and cold baths, billiard-rooms, and wide and sheltered porches for exercise." It stands very near the water, and if the view seems at first a little dreary, it soon grows into favor. The long stretch of sandy beach, and the occasional group of poorish houses, with here and there a fine one, may be uninteresting on a gloomy day, but when the sun shines all dreariness disappears, the ocean sparkles like a huge diamond, and the groups of health-seekers wander along the sand, or, scooping out convenient hollows, wrap themselves in fur cloaks and lie for hours in the dry and warm sun-bath, taking in ozone at every breath.

"The Brighton" is a gay house, and all the usual panaceas for *ennui* are at hand. Dancing and music may be enjoyed, card-rooms are convenient, and indeed every facility for killing time is furnished. The proprietors, besides, humor that whim of civilization which has ordained that civilized man shall dine at seven o'clock. The breakfast hour also is neither too early nor too rigidly interpreted. The Philadelphia market supplies the table, and it goes without saying that the butter and poultry are above reproach.

A very comfortable hotel, called "The Dennis," kept by Mr. James H. Borton, a Quaker, is much in favor with Philadelphians. It is a delightfully clean house, with a fine lookout across the water, and its large glass-inclosed verandas are peculiarly adapted to the uses of invalids and children. An early dinner and substantial tea are given, and the food, though plain, is uncommonly good. During the late severe storm Atlantic City suffered severely. The summer visitor will remember the beach front between North Carolina and Illinois avenues, and the houses and photograph galleries that stood there. They are now a mass of ruins. The heavy gale that blew from the south on January 8 drove in a tide that flooded a portion of the town, carried away the board walks, and broke in the doors of the bathing-houses in front of "The Brighton." A famous ocean pier, which had withstood many a storm, was swept away, and of Afferbach's boarding-house not one trace remains. Restaurants and bath-houses and photographic galleries, still redolent of summer flirtations, all went before the raging flood; and the beach itself lost one hundred and fifty feet of valuable front. The track of the South Atlantic Railroad was washed away, and the drift ice carried a portion of the West Jersey track lower down on the fields.

But this storm was an unusual one, and it is not probable that another like it will occur again in a hundred years. The group of people who watched it were none the worse for it, nor have they abated their walks or drives since. By February the splendid if terrifying pageant of crested waves was forgotten, and now that March has come the gay groups crowd again the board walk to the light-house, where on a sunny day, when the genial air brings pleasant greetings from the sea, all gather who have the power to move.

Atlantic City is an especial home for those who suffer from rheumatism, and for some inscrutable reason they find their pains relax when at this singular place. Perhaps it is owing to the fact that the winds from the landward must pass long distances over the dry and porous sand. It is said that the beach at Atlantic City trends to the west, so that it faces more to the southward than the sister beaches. The south and east winds are warmed by their passage across the Gulf Stream; and therefore the captious, impatient invalid can rise in the morning free from that pinching pain which inclines him to speak in uncomplimentary terms of the thermometer.

People recover quickly here from surgical operations, which is a very valuable proof of the cleanness of the atmosphere, which should dispel any fear which may beset the casual observer that the drainage is not perfect.

It would seem at first as if an adequate system of drainage on this flat sandy island were impossible. As it is, every effort is made that the most thorough knowledge of sanitary laws can prompt to secure the health of the vast numbers who seek a winter home here. They do not depend for drinking-water upon the earth, but collect rain-water in cemented cisterns, and cleansing filters are attached to all the reservoirs. It has been urged against some of the large hotels at Atlantic City that they are not carefully drained; but we believe that no such charge is well founded, and we know that it can not be sustained against the Brighton or the Dennis.

We might describe the Carrollton, the Sea-side House, the Colonnade, the Haddon House, the Mansion House (which last is in the centre of the city), but we advise our readers to go and see for themselves.

There are many who are *not* sent to Atlantic City by their physicians for lung trouble, valvular disease of the heart, "malaria"—whatever that may be—or nervous prostration—the disease of civilization—and the question may be asked, What shall such do to amuse themselves? Dyspeptics can and should walk on the ocean promenade along the entire city front—a board walk, with the Atlantic for a plaything. This, if less stately than the Esplanade at Brighton, is quite as enjoyable. Then there are weekly balls at the various houses for gay and nimble-footed dancers, a museum, an aquarium, a skating rink; and if the weather is favorable, a sea-voyage to Brigantine Beach, ten miles off, is a pleasant excursion.

To those who can climb two hundred and twenty-eight steps, the ascent of the Absecom Light-house will repay a visit. One sees there what the world looks like to a sea-gull; and a grand waste of waters it seems indeed. This splendid and beneficent light is one of Fox's hydraulic float lights. The height of the tower is 167 feet, and is of great importance to the mariner. It is visible twenty-six miles out at sea, and for all who go down to the sea in ships it is a blessing.

On shore there is the "Winter Ocean Parlor," or Casino, between Indiana and Illinois avenues, extending back from the board walk. It contains a smoking-room for gentlemen and a warm parlor for ladies, and is a sort of agreeable club-room or lounging-place. Here, if one chooses, can be given a private entertainment in the evening, and this Winter Ocean Parlor, which affords a somewhere to go, an object and an end to an otherwise purposeless stroll, might suggest to the proprietors of the sanitariums of which we have written the wisdom of providing some such pleasure-place for the social meeting of their guests.

We confess to not liking Atlantic City in the summer. It has a frequent visitation from that noisome insect the mosquito, and the drives are not as pleasant as those of some other sea-side places. But in winter it offers unusual advantages. Its healthful climate has gained for it the favor of physicians, whose recommendation has created for it a permanent population; and its proximity to Philadelphia, Baltimore, and New York not only insures to it a brilliant society, but enables it to offer to visitors many of the attractions and diversions peculiar to large cities.

One can go a-shopping in Atlantic City, find books, papers, small wares, material for embroidery, painting, and drawing; can visit a circulating library, or take an interest in the church of his choice, get acquainted with the minister, and help along the good work. A town of six thousand inhabitants must produce a wealth of shops, which, if made attractive, can not fail to help along a winter sanitarium.

The physicians of Philadelphia have made Atlantic City what it is—a famous sanitarium. Overtaxed brains are ordered hither by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, the man who has the honor of having discovered the "rest cure." He and his learned congeners have found that many chronic diseases result from nervous exhaustion. The sufferer from incipient paralysis or brain-softening is ordered to Atlantic City for six months, and in many instances returns to his home cured. It was N. P. Willis who first said that "consumption was curable if the patient could stop consuming." The once dreaded disease to which every New England woman resigned herself, fifty years ago, if her lungs began to trouble her, is as curable now as the measles, if taken in time. Pulmonary and bronchial troubles are much alleviated by the warmed ozone of Atlantic City. All chest diseases, however, require a constant and sensible medical inspection, for if the sea is not beneficial, the mountains may be.

An institution for invalid women at Atlantic City, under the wise care of Philadelphia physicians, furnishes a noble record of this highly recommended air, and at the Children's Sea-shore Home many children have been cared for and restored to health. Sleep and a good appetite almost immediately follow a visit to Atlantic City. Indeed, the healthy visitor who goes down for a change of air and scene feels immediate improvement of appetite, and so healthily somnolent that even Clark Russell's exciting stories will not keep him awake between the hours of three and six of an afternoon. This is a sure sign that the nerves are being well rested and fed. It is a great thing to get an abundant supply of nerve food without the use of medicine, the falsely stimulating effect of which must be followed by a corresponding exhaustion. To another highly respected physician, Dr. James Darrach, of Germantown, belongs the honor of having relieved many patients suffering from hay fever and autumnal catarrh, by sending them to Atlantic City. The Rev. Mr. Beecher and Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes had a witty correspondence on the subject of hay fever a few years since, in which the latter declared that there was no cure for the disease "but six feet of gravel." The Twin Mountain House and Atlantic City, however, have answered back that it may be alleviated.

It is believed by many scientists and students of hygiene that the air at Atlantic City is "hostile to physical debility," and that to those who suffer from our great American complaint, nervous prostration, whether brought on by overwork or by our changeful climate, it promises not only recuperation, but a permanent re-establishment of health.

THE TENDER CONSCIENCE OF MR. BOBBERTS.

By SHERWOOD BONNER.

I.

It wuz about the third year o' my marriage with Jed Burridge that the rust got inter the wheat; an' what wuzn't rust wuz cheat. People saw the bread a-slippin' *out* o' ther mouths instid of *inter* them, an' every man on the Nine-mile wuz as blue as a wet hen. Talk run high about emigratin' to Kansas, which wuz represented as overflowin' with milk an' honey, free fur all who wuz a-longin' fur that Scripteral food.

Nobody grumbled more than our nighest neighbor, Mr. So-so Bobberts. Israel wuz his proper name, but some wag had giv him the kognomen of "So-so," an' of co'se it stuck to him like a burr. It riz from his habit of never comin' out with a squar yes or no on any p'int, nor, so to speak, of givin' any satisfactory praise or dispraise to things of God or the devil. Everything wuz from fair to middlin', like an average cotton bale. He wuz mighty low once, an' the doctor had about give him up.

"How do you stand with God?" says Preacher Snowden, a-bendin' over him, an' shoutin' loud inter his deefening ear.

"So-so," growls Mr. Bobberts, true to hisself to the last. He never wuz one fur gilt-edge speeches, an' didn't want ter ornament his dyin' bed with anything uncommon.

However, he didn't die this turn, but wuz soon round, peart as ever, seemin' ter think he had outwitted death fur good. Truth is, he's one of the tough kind that's hard ter kill, not a ounce o' adipose on his bones. He is long an' lean an' lank an' ribby as the sea sand, as the poetry book says. On top o' that long body o' his is set the littlest head ever I see on a mature adult person—not much bigger than a billerd ball, an' nigh about ez smooth, if you could ketch him on a summer's day coolin' off under a tree, with his wig hangin' in the branches above. His face is smooth-shaved, an' has a kind o' scorched look, as if it had been held over a blaze till the red wuz burnt in; an' with glitterin' little black eyes an' a tight mouth, he is altogether a cur'us-lookin' old critter.

Ter begin my story proper, mebbe I ought ter go back to the fust thrashin'-machine that wuz ever brought to the Nine-mile. It wuz a sort of triangular purchus, Mr. Bobberts leadin' off, an' persuadin' two neighbors, John Raney an' Farmer Sweet, to club in with him, it bein' too expensive fur any one man ter buy. Everybody wuz surprised at sich a j'inin' of forces, fur John an' Farmer Sweet wuz jolly, slap-dash kind o' fellers, spendin' their money free as words, an' fonder of a good laugh than of daily bread, while Mr. Bobberts wuz as close as a chestnut, an' never could sense a joke. Howsomever, the thrasher wuz bought, an' a contract made settin' forth that the machine wuz to be controlled ekally by the three, an' that in any question concernin' it *the majority wuz ter rule.*

One day Mr. Bobberts, John Raney, an' Farmer Sweet wuz hard at work in the fust-named's ten-acre field. Mr. B. wuz mortal cross that day, an' his helpers wuzn't feelin' very lovin'. Noontime brought Cissy Bobberts with two tin buckets containin' a snack. "Maw says *you* are to come up to the house, paw," says she; "ther's some hot gingerbread fur you."

Bobberts walked off very prompt, an' the two men that wuz left looked at each other an' grinned.

"Did I ever tell you about my grandfather?" said John Raney to Farmer Sweet.

"Didn't know you had a grandfather."

"Well, I did; an' I can tell you he wuz a man among men. On one occasion my mother, who wuz a gret person fur puttin' on *style*, had invited a lot of town folks out to a dinner. It wuz to be a big affair. Ovens an' skillets an' pots an' pans wuz all full. As luck would have it, my grandfather wuz buildin' a mill in the vicinity, an' he had a good force o' laborers employed—some twenty men or more—an' among 'em half a dozen black fellows that he had picked up in town. Jest as dinner wuz about to be dished up, in stalked the old man as solemn as a turkey gobbler, an' after him six negroes, each with a brand-new wooden tray balanced on his head. 'Fill 'em up, boys,' says he, in a voice to make your hair stand on end; an' at the word, in a twinklin', the dinner wuz piled up on the trays—venison an' pig, an' roast turkey an' fried chicken, an' vegetables an' pies of every name an' natur'—a clean sweep, even to the salt pork that wuz mixed in with the 'fresh,' fur old acquaintance' sake. Not so much as a cooky wuz left to tell the tale. Mis' Jacob Price, who wuz a-cookin' fur my mother that day, wuz so overcome at seein' the company dinner hurricaned away in such a fashion that she jest sunk inter a chair, an' sot there like a wax figgur, big-eyed an' tongue-tied. An' when the six Africans had marched out, all on the broad grin, my grandpa turned to Mis' Price, an' says he: 'I've got twenty men a-laborin' at my mill, an' they deserve a good dinner, fur they've earned it. An' as fur them lazy women at the house'—here he p'inted with his thumb over his shoulder very contemptuous—'let 'em come out an' cook another dinner, or go home a-fastin'.'"

Mr. Sweet took a thoughtful pull at the butter-milk jug. "Must ha' had a good deal of whiskey in him, your grandpa must," said he, "before he ventured so far with a woman of your mother's spunk."

"Well, maybe," returned the other, cautiously. "They do say he subsisted mainly on whiskey well into the nineties."

Both men laughed, an' dived further into their tin buckets, in hopes of findin' a stray doughnut or a cold pie.

"Well, I must say," cried Farmer Sweet, "I wish your grandfather had been round the Bobberts kitchen this day; we might ha' had something fit fur a Christian stomach."

"Old Bobberts is a close hand," said John Raney, "no doubt of that."

"No doubt at all," said the farmer. "I don't quite see, John, how we came to be associated with him in buyin' this machine."

"Because we were a precious pair of fools," said Mr. Raney, cheerfully.

"An' then," cried Farmer Sweet, "fur all the old 'coon wuz so crazy fur the machine, an' pestered us to death to go thirds with him, you can't make him own now that he likes the old thrasher, or feels in any way beholden to us. 'Twuz only this mornin' I says to him, 'Well, farmer, how d'ye like the machine, now you've seen her a-goin'?' 'Oh, so-so,' says he. 'Sho',' says I, 'you ought ter come out stronger than that, Mr. Bobberts. Think what a savin' of labor it is.' 'Well,' says he, jest fur pure contrariness, 'I ain't sho' but that I like the old way best; it wuz more sociable like. Now, you see, the neighbors will all be a-wantin' ter borrow the machine, an' we may regret ever a-purchasin' of it.' An' then he sithed, as hypocritical as a preacher at a strange funeral."

John Raney wuz the greatest fellow fur a joke on the perarer, an' a wicked thought come a-jumpin' inter his mind.

"Say," cried he, "I ain't overproud of ownin' anything along with old Bobberts. Let's burn up the whole rig, an' clear out."

"Burn her?" said Farmer Sweet, his eyes a-startin'; "arter all the money we've put in her?"

"We'd never ha' got much satisfaction out of her," said Raney. "Bobberts would always want her jest when our wheat wuz ready; an' what a joke it would be on him jest ter take him at his word fur once, an' tell him we thought the old way wuz best as well as he."

Farmer Sweet begun ter laugh. "All right," said he; "go ahead."

An' then an' there them two men act'ally did set fire ter that thrashin'-machine. I mustn't forget ter say that some folks always declared that the fire wuz an accident, an' that them two men made up the tale of burnin' it themselves jest ter devil Mr. Bobberts.

When Bobberts came out an' saw the thing in a blaze, it set him in the biggest rage ever seen on the Nine-mile.

"We thought you would like it," says Farmer Sweet, artless as a baby, "seein' how you liked the machine only so-so, an' thought the old ways wuz the best."

"How dared you meddle with my property?" howls Mr. Bobberts.

"Majority rules," says John Raney, cool as Christmas.

Then Mr. Bobberts up an' struck John, an' John hit back with such good-will that it ended in a fight that came near endin' Mr. Bobberts.

Well, well, it wuz a good many years ago that this happened, an' nobody supposed Mr. Bobberts wuz layin' up anything ag'inst John Raney. He wuz very friendly with both him an' Farmer Sweet, an' I did hear that they had paid him back every cent of the money he had put inter the machine. They wuz willin' ter pay fur their joke after they had their fun out of it, an' it wuz considered very handsome of them on the perarer.

II.

As I wuz a-sayin', a bad year came fur the farmers. Nobody felt like makin' much o' Christmas. We hadn't any fatted calves, an' all the turkeys an' gineral fowls had been traded fur store goods. So when the news came that Preacher Snowden wuz goin' ter spend Christmas on the Nine-mile it wuz quite a question where he would put up, fur he wuz pretty fond of the flesh-pots. He took his dram before sermon an' after; but he wuz a good Hard-shell Baptist, and sound on the doctrine. But I must say it always went agin *me* ter hear him say that hell wuz paved with infants' skulls not half a span long.

He wuz the curiousest preacher I ever sot under. He would take a text, an' stick to it pretty well fur a while, considerin' he hadn't no eddication; but when the exhortin' mood came on him, an' he got good warmed up, he would drop chapter an' verse, an' wander wild an' free, as the song sez. He had a way, too, of pickin' out some text an' makin' it mean something entirely different from what you had always supposed. In fact, sech wuz that old man's contrariness an' pig-headedness an' conceit of himself that he made nothin' of arguin' *ag'inst* the Scripter. I s'pose he ain't the only man who ever thought he knew more than the Lord who made him, but he wuz the fust ever I see who brazenly owned as much in the pulpit, an' with the Bible open before him.

He wuz sot agin new-fangled notions, Preacher Snowden wuz, an' made nothin' of declarin' that temperance societies an' Sunday-schools had sent more people to hell than ever they kept out of it. I never had anything effect me like that; an' as fur Jed Burridge, he jest muttered in his whiskers, "God help the people in this country if they've got to set under *your* preachin'!" An' then, without a word to me, Jed jammed his hat on his head an' walked out, gloomy as a hearse. "I couldn't set thar an' stand that," he remarked to me, apologetic, when I j'ined him in the churchyard after preachin' wuz over.

There wuz a sort of relief on the Nine-mile when we heard that the preacher had invited himself ter pass Christmas with Brother Bobberts. Ill-natured folks said his reason fur stoppin' there wuz because Mr. Bobberts never had j'ined the temperance cause. He knew he could git his toddy in that house, while in most of the others he would have ter fall back on hot coffee an' herb tea.

The day before Christmas Mr. So-so Bobberts walked inter John Raney's store. I forgot ter say that John had give up farmin' some time before, an' had gone inter town an' engaged in the drug business. He had jest got married to one o' the Biscoe girls, and everybody had a good word fur the young couple.

Well, in tromped Mr. Bobberts, his hat set back on his head, his ears wrapped in a woollen comforter, his waggin whip in his hand, an' his mouth spread very affable, as if once in his life things wuz a leetle better than "so-so."

"I want ter buy some whiskey," says he. "Got to entertain a preacher at my house, an' make him a Christmas eggnog."

"All right," says John Raney; "half a gallon, I suppose?"

Now the p'int o' that remark wuz this: there wuz a law in the State forbiddin' any drug man ter sell less than half a gallon o' whiskey. This wuz ter put a stop to indiscriminate dram-drinkin' an' treatin' on the part o' the boys.

"Half a gallon," says Bobberts; "an' it seems as if that's a sight o' whiskey fur a sober man like me ter be luggin' home."

"Oh, it 'll keep," says John; "an' it's handy ter have in the house in case o' snake bites."

"As to its keepin'," said Mr. Bobberts, very grim, "Preacher Snowden purposes ter pass some days—" An' here he paused very eloquent.

"Precisely," says John, with a laugh an' a wink. Then he filled up the jug very deft an' handed it ter the old man.

"Hope your health is good this winter?" he remarked.

"So-so," says Mr. Bobberts, with a nod. Then he clomb inter his waggin an' druv away very swift.

Some four hours later a figger that looked like the wrack o' Mr. Bobberts appeared in John Raney's store. His hat wuz off, an' his head wuz partly wrapped in the woollen comforter, with bare places shinin' through; his coat wuz tore, an' in his hand he held jist the handle o' the whiskey jug—nothin' but the handle.

"What on the earth has happened?" cried John; an' the men all crowded round.

Bobberts toppled over inter a cheer, and it wuz some minutes before he found his breath. But at last he come out with a blood-curdlin' story of havin' been set on by tramps while joggin' along the lonesomest part o' the road. They robbed him, an' they fit him, an' they stole his whiskey an' broke his jug. Thar sot the old man lookin' as pitiful as Moses in the bulrushes. He wuzn't very poppeler, but nobody could help expressin' a sympathy fur him, an' feelin' run high agin the tramps. Some o' the young fellers wuz fur startin' out ter hunt them up; but it wuz late an' cold, an' it ain't so easy ter catch a thief who has his wits about him. Mr. Bobberts set by the stove until he recovered hisself, an' then he says, with a grin, "Well, I s'pose I'll have ter git some more whiskey, an' I 'ain't got a cent left."

"You can have it on time," says John, very generous. "Half a gallon?"

He shook his head. "No," says he; "this has been a mighty bad year on us farmers, John, an' I can't afford another half-gallon, but I'll buy a quart, if you'll sell it ter me."

This wuz a sort of dilemma fur John. On the one hand wuz his old neighbor, whom he reely wanted to oblige; on the other, the law.

"Seems ter me, John," says Farmer Bobberts, "you might do me a good turn, seein' as it's Christmas-time."

John wuz a-knittin' his brows, but of a sudden his face lit up. "Tell you what I'll do," says he. "I'll sell you a quart, an' *add* it ter the half-gallon, so I can put down on my book a sale of *three quarts*, don't you see. That 'll make it all right with the law, an' satisfy you too, Mr. Bobberts."

"Jest so," said the old man. An' after a little more talk he pocketed his quart of whiskey an' druv off fur the second time.

Ther wuz quite a turnout at the meetin'-house next day ter hear Father Snowden preach. He wuz in one of his belligerent fits, an' it wuz jedged Brother Bobberts's eggnog hed been uncommon strong. He took a good Christmas text, an' preached along fur a while very decorous, then, all of a suddint, off he branched.

Says he, a-slappin' his hands on the Bible, "But ther is some things, my brethren, in this sacred book as must not be took too literal. We hear a gre't deal, fur instans, about not seein' the mote in your brother's eye on account o' the beam in your own. That's a very pretty figger, but it won't hold water. I've got my faults, huge as the mountains, an' plentiful as the leaves; *but what would I be wuth as a preacher if I made a umbreller of 'em* ter prevent my seein' the faults o' my fellow-sinners? It is my mission ter find out the wickedness an' the misdoin's of my brethren in the Lord, an' it's every Christian man's duty ter go and do likewise. It's the protection of society an' the bulwark of liberty. Ther wuz once a feller who wuz set ter guard a treasure. His name wuz Argus, an' he had as many eyes as ther are freckles on a turkey's egg, or spots on a peacock's tail. An' when one o' them eyes wuz closed in sleep, the others would be wide awake. Always on the look-out; couldn't ketch him nappin'. An' so the sinner in this world must be made ter feel that Argus is a-watchin' of him. When my eye is shet, Brother Bobberts's is open; when Brother Bobberts is takin' a rest, Jed Burridge is a-watchin' out. An' so it goes. Look out, sinner, no escape fur you! As well hope ter blot out the uncountable stars as close the twinklin' eyes of men.

"An' ther's no use, my brethren, in a-wrestlin' an' a-strugglin' an' a-gnashin' your teeth because of the beam in your own eye. Some good brother is overlookin' you, an' the fust thing you know, it 'll be h'isted inter eternity. An' you needn't be afeard of peerin' at the mote in your brother's eye. P'r'aps it ain't so much of a mote after all, an' it's your bounden duty to lend a hand to cast it out."

Havin' settled this, the preacher wandered to other p'ints, an' I must say he give us a very entertainin' discourse. Some folks smiled, an' some looked sour. An' as fur Mr. Bobberts, he sot thar an' groaned an' sithed as if some powerful concern wuz on his mind. On the way home he j'ined me, an' we walked to the corner together.

"I'm worried in my mind, Mis' Burridge," sez he.

"Is it the mote or the beam, Mr. Bobberts?" sez I, airy like, feelin' a jovial Christmas spirit coursin' through my veins.

"Some subjects shouldn't be turned inter lightsomeness," he replied, lookin' at me quite grim. "Things looks dark an' dretful to my mind, an' it wouldn't surprise me if the end of this sinful world wuz clus at hand."

"Sho!" sez Jed Burridge.

"You had better be prepared, Brother Burridge. Ther's no use in a-blindin' your eyes an' a-hardenin' your heart. Preacher Snowden wuz talkin' last night—an' a powerful man he is on argument an' logic. He took up that mysterious part of Scripter called Revelation, an' he made it all as clear as crystial. Seven seals wuz broke by the angel, an' seven mighty events in the world's history hez to correspond with them seals. Ther hez been already a earthquake, an' a great fire, an' a pestilence, an' other things of marvellious import. But one is left ter come to pass, an' that is predicted, Mis' Burridge. When you see a comet big as a locomotive light in them heavens, with a tail streamin' like a blazin' rope acrost the sky, then have your account ready. Fur the world's book will be closed, an' 'The End' writ on the last page."

"You make my blood run cold, Mr. Bobberts," says I.

"Well," says he, "I don't want ter have anything on my conscience when that awful day rolls round."

Ter this good hour I 'ain't been able ter make up my mind whether Mr. Bobberts wuz a-talkin' hypocritical, or whether his mind wuz reely upset. At any rate, before the week wuz out he had distinguished himself by the most extraordinary piece of meanness ever committed on the Nine-mile. *He had gone ter town an' informed on John Raney fur sellin' him less than half a gallon o' whiskey!* An' the fine wuz three hundred dollars.

Gracious! gracious! what a-buzzin' and a-talkin' ther wuz over the perarer! Nothin' else wuz spoke of fur an' wide; an' finally such wuz the gineral dissatisfaction that some o' the neighbors got together an' went ter see Mr. Bobberts in a remonstratin' spirit. They found the old man with his Bible on his knees, a-lookin' very pious. He wuz quite willin' ter talk, but he wuz as *set* as a rooted rock. He said he couldn't 'a rested with that sin o' John Raney's on his conscience; that he had broke the law of man, which wuz only second to that of God.

"But he broke it fur *you*, old man," cried Roland Selph, "out o' pure consideration an' ginerous-heartedness."

"That's neither here nor thar," says old So-so, firm as Brutus. "It only makes my duty the onpleasanter. But I never wuz a flincher, an' I sha'n't take up that line now."

"Why didn't you inform on some of your own sins while you wuz about it?" cries Reuben Thing.

"I 'ain't broke no laws," says Mr. Bobberts. "My sins is between me an' my heavenly Father, an' any of you as feels a call to do so can inform on me in your communications with Him."

After this ther didn't seem ter be much more ter say, so the boys winked at each other an' took their leave; but they agreed that old Bobberts wuz an ugly-lookin' lot fur a converted Christian whose conscience wuz too tender fur every-day use.

"Think of his callin' it a matter of conscience!" cried Roland, very disgusted.

"Pooh!" says Jed Burridge, "it's revenge, nothin' more nor less. An' I do hope old Bobberts will be come up with—I reely do."

III.

"I tell you, judge, it's the wickedest, cruelest, most unjust thing; an' if you make my husband pay that money, I shall think you just as bad as old Bobberts. There!"

"My dear child! my dear Leila!"—and Judge Wimbleton waved his fat hands most expostulatory—"I am not responsible. It's the law—the law, Leila."

"Well, the law is a fool!" she cried, her black eyes snappin', for Leila Raney hadn't lost any of the temper she had as Leila Biscoe.

"I know it," say Judge Wimbleton, very mild. "I've often thought that law wuz one thing an' justice another. But ther ain't any other way of settlin' human affairs. We must have a rule to go by, an' follow it to the letter. If every man wuz ter give his own meanin' ter the laws of the land, the result would be chaos, turbulence, revolution."

Much Leila cared fur his long words. "What's that ter me," she cried, "when I see my John worried out of his senses about that awful fine? You know, judge, we are just startin' in life; it took every cent we could get together ter pay fur our little home an' start John's business. It will just cripple him, cripple him fur life, ter pay out that money now; an' all ter satisfy the spite of a cross old man. Fur John did nothin' wrong. He sold Mr. Bobberts three quarts of whiskey."

"Leila, there's no use insistin' on that. The facts are these: Mr. Bobberts in his charge declares on oath that John Raney sold him one quart of whiskey. Ter prove this, half a dozen witnesses hold themselves ready. Now the law is explicit, an' doesn't go inter motives nor private feelin's. I must expound that law, an' I am just as helpless as you are."

"Helpless!" cries Leila. "Well, I vow ter Heaven I won't *be* helpless! If you had seen my poor boy, as I did, a-sittin' with his head in his hand, lookin' as if his heart wuz broke! 'We'll have ter sell the cow,' says he, 'an' put a mortgage on our home. It's hard work payin' off a mortgage. Maybe we'll leave it as a blessed heritance to our children.'"

An' here a great sob choked Leila's words, an' she turned as red as a hundred roses; fur her fust baby wuzn't to come until June.

Judge Wimbleton wuzn't a particularly soft man, but somethin' warmed the cockles of his heart, an' he got up an' took Leila by the hand.

"Leila," sez he, "old So-so Bobberts *is* a beast. Now that's my candid opinion. But my opinion ain't wuth a row of pins when it comes to the law. All I can do is to make the fine as small as may be. But if old Bobberts could be induced to withdraw his charge, the whole thing would fall to the ground."

She threw up her head. "I'll try to make him withdraw it," sez she.

"He's a hard man to deal with," sez Judge Wimbleton.

"Perhaps he won't be a match fur Leila Raney;" an' she laughed out like a bird. "Fair means an' foul, judge—I'll try both."

"All's fair in war," sez the judge, with a soothin' smile.

From that time Leila Raney wuz simply possessed with the desire, someway, somehow, to get the better of Bobberts. All her seekin's an' questionin's wuz long in vain, until one day chance—or Providence, mebbe—set her on the right track.

Leila had been persuaded to attend a rag-tackin' at Sister Weeden's, out on the perarer; an' when she got thar the women's tongues were a-clattering equal to a hotel dish-washin'.

"We wuz just a-talkin' of you, Leila," said Mis' Amos Burridge, who was very outspoken, "an' a-sympathizin' with you an' John."

"Well," says Leila, forcin' a smile, "the axe 'ain't fallen yet, an' mebbe it never will."

"Get the Lord on your side," says Sister Charity Hackleton, "an' you need not fear the power of man."

"I'm sure He ought to be on our side," cries Leila, "for it's a wicked piece of work to take the bread out of our mouths."

"It's a pity that your husband should sell liquor," said Martha Hatfield, a little black-eyed spitfire of a woman.

"Well, he don't drink it," answers Leila, very dry.

"Neither would *my* husband drink it," cries Martha, "if it wuzn't fur certain folks I could name a-temptin' him an' treatin' him an' a-sellin' him liquor on credit."

"If it's my husband you're slappin' at," says Leila, "I can tell you he has sold no liquor on credit to Jim Hatfield, fur I know his books as well as he knows them himself, an' your husband's name is not on them. Besides, John knows that Jim has joined the Sons o' Temperance, an' he is too good to tempt any man to drink who is trying to git shet of the habit."

"Too good!" sniffs the other; "that's all you know about him. I've got proof of what I say: jugs an' bottles that come from John Raney's usually have his name pasted on the sides."

"What do you mean?" an' up jumped Leila, quick as a mad cat.

But Marthy shet her lips very resolute. "I 'ain't no more ter say," she cried; "I've said too much already. If you're satisfied with your husband, I am with mine." An' with that she fell ter tearin' rags so vigorous that the dust flew out an' set us all ter coughin'. Sister Weeden, who wuz ever fur pourin' oil on troubled waters, proposed that we should sing a hymn as soon as we had calmed the tumult in our throats, an' soon the rafters wuz a-ringin' to the tune of

"With cherubim and seraphim,
Full royally He rode,
And on the wings of mighty winds
Went flyin' all abroad."

Well, well, them two women watched each other out of the corners of their eyes all the rest o' the day, but ther wuz no more disputin'.

When Leila got home, first thing she did wuz ter ask her husband if he had been sellin' Jim Hatfield any whiskey lately.

"Not a pint," says John—"not sence I heard he j'ined the Sons o' Temperance."

"You are positive?"

"Just as positive as that I've got the prettiest wife in the State," said John, kissin' her; for he had determined to chirk up before Leila, seein' as how his depression weighed on her. Leila, on her side, wouldn't dampen John's spirits by tellin' of the false charge against him; but she made up her mind to get to the bottom of the matter.

The next day she started off on a second tramp to the Nine-mile, this time bound for the Hatfield house. When she got inside the gate her foot struck somethin' that gave her a start. It wuz a bit of broken jug, with John Raney's name printed very distinct on the label.

"So Marthy told the truth!" she muttered, an' her feelin's softened considerable, while at the same time she wuz plunged inter deeper perplexity.

Mis' Hatfield had jest got through her mornin's work, an' wuz sitting down rockin' her baby, when she saw Leila standin' in the doorway. Surprised enough she wuz; but havin' to be perlite in her own house, she asked her in, an' handed her a cheer.

"I want ter say in the beginnin', Marthy," says Leila, "that I done you an injustice yesterday, an' I asks your pardon."

Marthy looked all taken aback hearin' Leila speak so gentle, but she couldn't help feelin' mollified.

"I'm glad to hear such words," says she, very hearty. "Our Father in heaven knows I wouldn't speak untrue on such a subject. It's too painful."

"Well, Marthy, I'm in a bewilderment, and I jest call on you as one woman to a sister woman to help me out of it. Now you made a charge against my husband, and I want you ter take it back. Tell me this—did you ever hear of John Raney tellin' a lie?"

"I've heern of his bein' a great joker," says Marthy, cautious like; "but as for tellin' a lie—no."

"His jokes have no malice in them," says Leila, "an' it ain't in his blood to lie. An' I tell you solemn that John *give me his word* that he 'ain't sold your husband one drop o' whiskey since he united with the Sons o' Temperance. To make surer than sure I went over his books myself, an' Jim's name ain't down fur a thing except some quinine an' a bottle of soothin' syrup."

"Then *where* did he get it?" cries Marthy Hatfield.

"What made you suspicion John?"

The tears come to Marthy's eyes.

"As long as you've come to me so frank an' friendly, Leila Raney," says she, "I'll tell you all about it, though it looks like a mean thing to do agin my own husband. They would turn him out of the Church if it wuz found out, and that would jest be the ruin of poor Jim."

"Don't you be afraid, Marthy. Jim is too good a fellow fur the Lord ter let go of."

"This is how it wuz. The day before Christmas Jim went ter town to get some things. There wuz shoes fur Phil, an' a cap fur the baby, an' a calico frock fur me, an' a new hat fur himself, an' a roast of fresh, an' a pint of cranberries, an' a pound of fine-cut tobakker, an' a box o' snuff, an' some candy fur the childern's stockin's. Looks like a good deal fur poor folks ter be a-buyin', but Jim had been so good about not drinkin' that we had more Christmas money than we have ever had sence I've been married. Jim wuz in fine spirits, an' I hadn't a shadder of mistrust of him. I went about my work singin'—you know how a woman feels when a great load has been lifted from her shoulders"—an' Leila nodded very sympathetic.

"It wuz the day old Mother Burridge got her dreadful fall, and they sent fur me ter come over. I wuz lookin' out fur Jim, an' about noon he passed by, with old man Bobberts."

"With Mr. Bobberts?" cried Leila, starting up.

"Yes; an' I run out ter the gate ter meet them. Jim wuz ez sober a man then ez ever drew breath. I told him where he would find his dinner, an' that I wouldn't be home until late; that mebbe I would have ter stay all night, an' that, considering the uncertainty, he needn't come after me, ez one of the boys would see me home. Howsomever, I got home about sundown, an' what d'ye think wuz the sight that met my eyes, Leila Raney? There wuz the room in a mess, the fire burned out, the smell of whiskey everywhere, a broken jug on the floor, two glasses on the table, an' my husband stretched out on the sofa a-sleepin' the sleep of drunkenness! I flung the jug out-of-doors, but not before I saw that it had John Raney's name on it. I wuz that overcome that I jest sat down an' cried myself sick. I knew that he must have got the liquor on credit, fur there, in a little pile, wuz everything I had sent fur, even to the candy; an' buyin' them must 'a took the last nickel. I called my little boy, an' asked him if he could tell me who had been with his pa; an' he said that before he went to school, Phil Oglesby had been hangin' round, mighty anxious ter see Jim; so I s'pose he an' Jim got drunk together, for, you know, Phil is the most drinkin' man on the perarer. I taxed Jim with it when he came ter himself, but not a word could I get out of him; an' a sorry Christmas broke fur us, all because *somebody* let my poor weak husband have a jug of whiskey."

"I wouldn't have *my* husband suspected of it, for the world!" cries Leila. "This must be cleared up."

She wuz so excited she could hardly speak. Her cheeks wuz on fire, an' a curious triumphant sort of look wuz a-glitterin' in her eyes.

"May I see your husband, Marthy? Don't be afraid. I'll not let out a word of what you've told me. But I must have a talk with Jim. Where is he?"

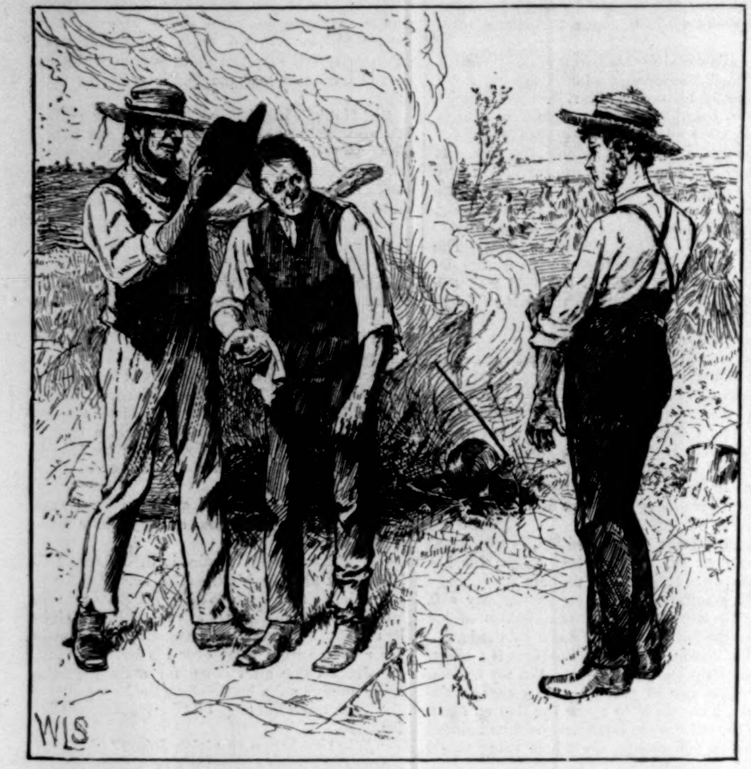
"He is fixin' the fence behind the barn, an' of course you can see him, if you're a mind ter. But— Dear sakes! do look at her!"

For Leila had tore out of the house without waitin' ter hear the end of what Marthy wuz a-sayin'.

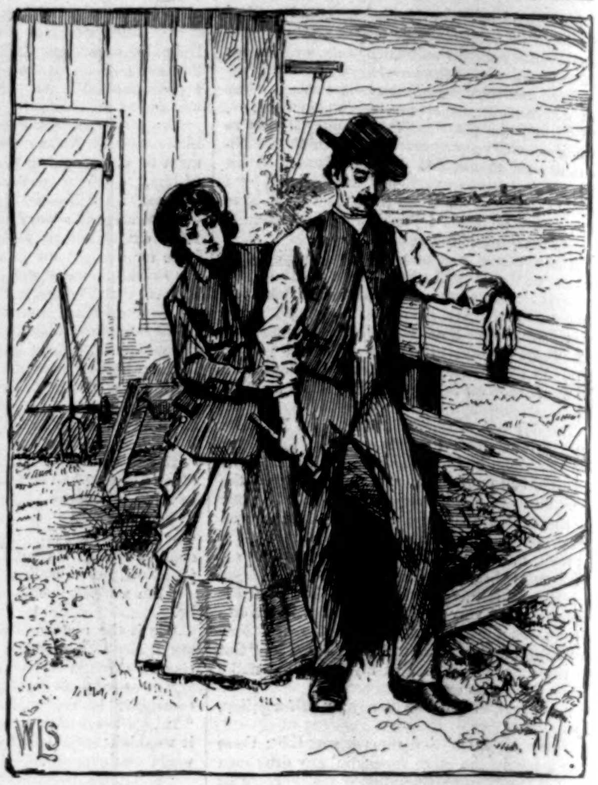
She found Mr. Hatfield nailin' an old plank acrost a broken place in the fence.

"Good-mornin', Jim," says she, collectin' herself, and smilin' very friendly.

Leila had a pretty coaxin' way when she liked; and Jim wux in a good humor before she said another word. Not that he wuz a hard man ter deal with. He wuz a good-lookin' young fellow, with a weak mouth, an' a bright open face that made him only too poppeler with the wild chaps in town.



"IT ENDED IN A FIGHT THAT CAME NEAR ENDIN' MR. BOBBERTS."



"SHE HAD CAUGHT JIM HATFIELD'S ARM."

"Mr. Hatfield," says Leila, "you know my husband is in trouble, an' I'm tryin' my best ter help him out of it. An' I think anybody that's his friend or mine ought ter be willin' ter help me."

"Ter be sure," says Jim; "ter be sure."

"You see, it's this way," says Leila, speakin' very rapid. "Old Mr. Bobberts bought half a gallon of whiskey *the day before Christmas*, an' a few hours later came inter town with what you men would call a cock and bull story, of havin' been set on by tramps an' robbed of it. So, pleadin' his poverty, he persuaded my husband to let him have a quart, an' seein' ez the two purchases wuz only a few hours apart, John didn't consider that he broke the law in puttin' them down ez one. But, lo an' behold! Mr. Bobberts's conscience wuz so very tender that he informed on John, an' unless we can see some way out of it, he will have to pay a big fine."

"It wuz a mean trick," said Mr. Hatfield, with a slow shake of the head; "a powerful mean trick."

"So it wuz," says Leila; "an' I'll tell you my opinion, Mr. Hatfield. It is that Mr. Bobberts never saw so much ez the back of a tramp. I believe that half-gallon of whiskey went in quite another way, an' I've reason to think that you can tell me how it went."

"Stop!" cries Mr. Hatfield, very nervous; "I can't give you no information, an' if I could, I don't see how it would bear on the case."

"Just this way. Mr. Bobberts pretends it wuz his conscience made him inform on John. Now if I could prove that he had told a lie—not to mince words with you—and threaten to expose him to the community, I might force him to withdraw his charge against John, and that would end the matter."

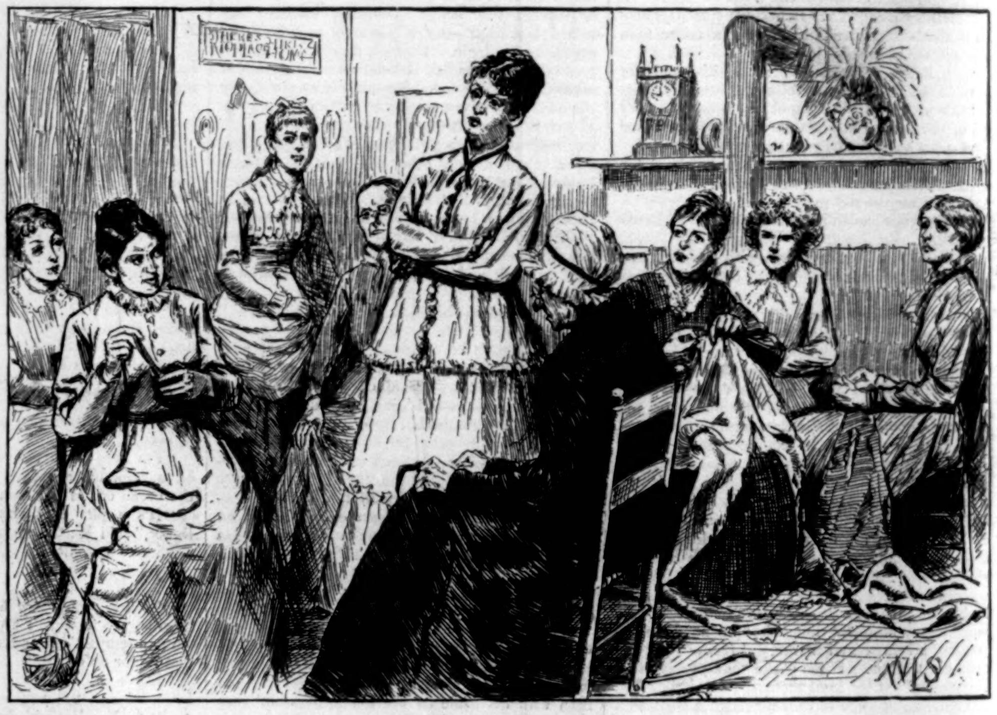
"Who said so?" cries Hatfield, very much startled. "Who said so?"

"Judge Wimbleton said so, and oh, Jim, if you could help me in any way to turn the tables on that wicked old man, I do beg and pray and beseech you not to hold your tongue."

Tears were streamin' down Leila's face, an' she had caught Jim Hatfield's arm between her little brown hands.

"I can't stand this, Leila," said he. "I'll tell you what I know, though it's givin' myself away, an' I'll lose my seat in church."

"Maybe you'll gain a higher seat in God's church," says Leila, very soft, fixin' her black eyes on his with such a look of pity and friendliness as went right to his heart.



"WHAT DO YOU MEAN?"

"Old Bobberts did lie ter you!" he cried, speakin' very fast, ez if afraid ter trust himself; "an' I'm the man that can prove it. He caught up with me ez I wuz ridin' out of town, an' we went on home together. We got ter discussin' a horse trade that had been off an' on between us fur a year an' more. He wanted ter buy the bay mare I wuz ridin', an' offered me this time something like a fair price. I wuz willin' ter sell if I could make a good bargain; so when we got to my house I invited him ter come in and talk it over. After chattin' quite a spell by the fire the old man declared it wuz dry work talkin', an' the fust thing I knew he whipped out ter his wagon an' fetched in the whiskey jug." Here Mr. Hatfield paused, an' a deep flush spread over his face. "I know you'll despise me," said he.

"Not a bit of it!" cries Leila. "Why, Mr. Hatfield, do you think I've never been tempted an' fallen? Time an' time again I've vowed not to give way to this wicked, evil temper of mine, an' the very next hour, perhaps, I'd be blazin' out at somebody as if I were a heathen instead of a Christian. But we must never give up, Jim; to pray an' to hope an' to strive against our sins is what we must do."

Her words sounded so brave an' kind that Jim was just overcome; an' before he knew it he blurted out, "I wish my wife would talk to me that way."

"She has many burdens," says Leila; "you must help her bear them. She must lean on you, not you on her."

"I'll do my best," said the young man, "an' if they turn me out of church this time, I'll get in again after a year's probation."

"But you have not told me all," says Leila.

"There ain't much more to tell. Of course we drunk a good deal of whiskey—at least I did—though I noticed after a time that Mr. Bobberts didn't drink much. An' all the while he wuz talkin' about the bay mare, tryin' ter jew me down on my price. Finally he drew up a paper which he wanted me ter sign. I looked it over, an' wuzn't too drunk ter see that in that contract I should come out at the little end of the horn. Then I got fightin' mad. I broke the jug on the floor, an' went fer old Bobberts tooth an' nail."

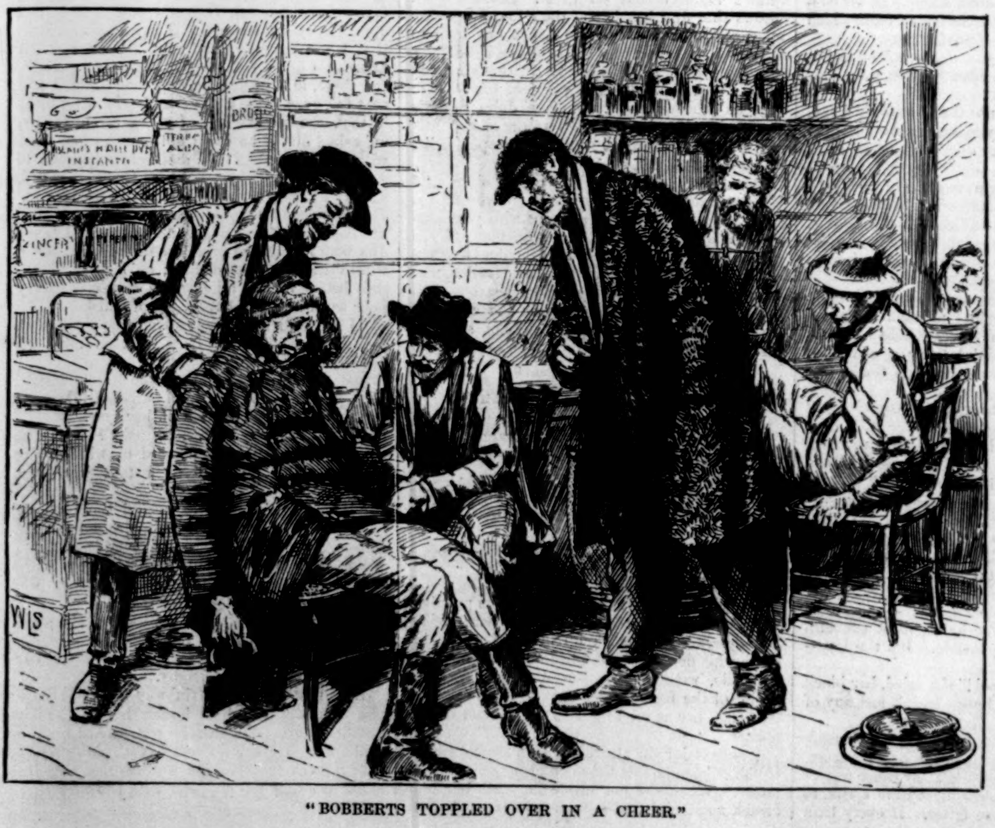
"An' he got the worst of it," said Leila, with a laugh.

"That's the whole of the story. Of course I held my tongue in my own intrust, not knowin' I might 'a helped John by comin' out with it. But you're welcome to publish it now, an' if I'm disgraced, why, I'll jist try ter live it down."

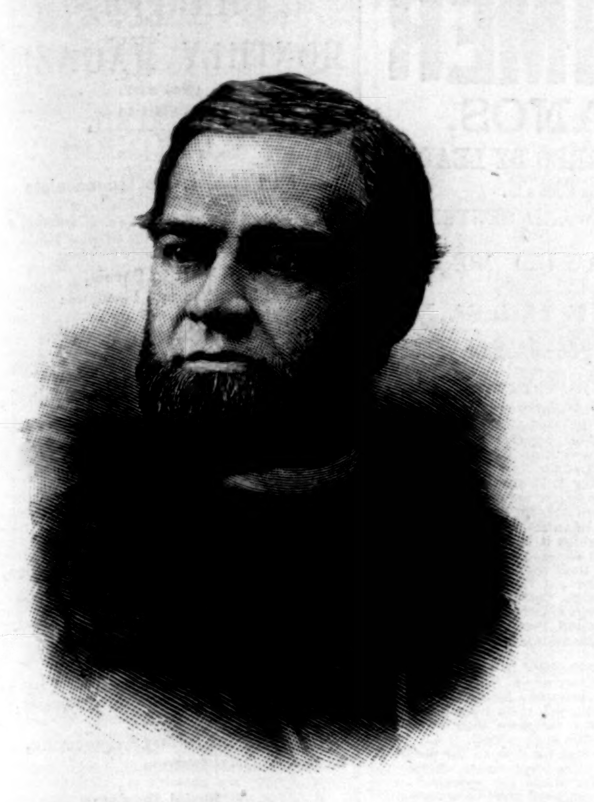
"Mebbe it won't be necessary to publish it, Mr. Hatfield," says Leila. "I think if I go to Mr. Bobberts, an' say, 'Sir, on a certain day you tempted a young man to drink whiskey, you tried to cheat in a horse trade, an' you told a string of lies, all of which I can prove,' I *think*," cries Leila, almost dancin' with joy—"I think I can twist him round my little finger. An' I'll agree to be silent if he'll withdraw his charge against my husband, for Heaven knows I'm not desirous of puttin' disgrace on any poor critter made in God's image."

Three persons now knew a secret, but it was kept ez close ez wax. When the court met in the spring, John Raney's case wuz the fust ter be called. The court-room wus packed an' jammed, an' the very winders wuz filled with boys hangin' on by their eyelids.

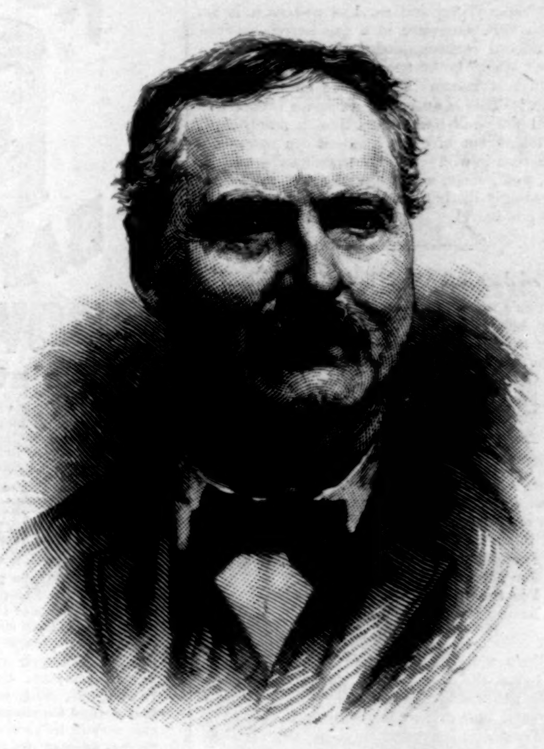
An' then an' there, before the whole assemblage, Mr. Bobberts riz up an' withdrew the charge against Mr. Raney. Judge Wimbleton looked mightily pleased, an' exchanged some very knowin' glances with John Raney. As fer Leila, she sparkled like a diamond, but she hadn't much ter say, then or after. When asked how such an unexpected endin' wuz brought about, she would only laugh, an' say from first to last all wuz owin' to the tender conscience of Mr. Bobberts.



"BOBBERTS TOPPLED OVER IN A CHEER."



THE LATE BISHOP CLARKSON.—PHOTO. BY SARONY.—[SEE PAGE 187.]



THE HON. E. H. FUNSTON.—PHOTO. BY ADAMS.—[SEE PAGE 187.]

"OBSTRUCTIONS" IN FIRE-ARMS.

It need scarcely be said that an exact knowledge of the conditions under which fire-arms may be discharged with safety is of the first importance to every user of them; but there are many conditions—somewhat unusual ones, it is true, and all the more important on that account—which possess the greatest interest, and respecting which there is, even among habitual users of guns, an astonishing lack of reliable information.

It might be difficult to find that reader who has not at some time or other heard his enthusiastic sportsman friend assert that *his* weapon was about "the best gun in the State"; that he could "shoot *anything* out of *her*," etc. As is well known, rifles, shot-guns, and pistols do very, very often bear wretchedly abusive treatment, showing no outward sign; but in very many instances the presence (at a distance from the regular projectile) of a very little foreign matter in a gun-barrel at the instant of discharge wrecks the arm, and sends jagged fragments of the barrel into human flesh. **Cosmus Eckenrode**, a Pennsylvania sportsman, last year fired into the air a rattlesnake thirteen inches long, which had unwisely crawled at lunch-time into his loaded gun, and the gun stood the strange charge nobly; but ophidian or any other additions to regular loads are carefully avoided by those who value guns and lives.

A month or two since, "C. W. T." printed in a first-class journal devoted to field-sports the following:

"Old-model powder-and-ball pistols of the **Colt** or **Whitney** pattern, that had bullets stick in the barrel from not having enough powder in the chamber, I have seen. The invariable rule was to blow the stuck bullet out with the next loaded chamber that rotated in a line with the hammer. **Flobert** rifles and pistols of 6, 9, and 11 mm. calibre often have balls stick in the barrels that have not had enough fulminate to blow them clear; yet the next strong cartridge is used to shoot them out."

That this writer's ideas were incorrect was evident enough: I had tested the matter twenty years ago, and again two years ago; but, engaged with some protracted and interesting experiments in gunnery, I was moved a third time to test the "stuck"-ball matter, as well as the effect of other "obstructions." I may remark that, before sending the results here illustrated to the photographer, I submitted the entire newspaper clipping referred to to Colonel S. C. **Lyford**, U.S.A., commanding Frankford Arsenal, and, in reply, he said:

"C. W. T.'s experience relative to the 'shooting out' of jammed projectiles in gun-barrels is entirely opposed to that of the service. The most common form of casualty in the field is the 'swelling,' or even bursting, of the rifle-barrel due to the jamming of the bullet.

"In most cases this jamming is due to 'rag' tompioning—sometimes to dirt in the barrel. In several instances the 'cause' was found to be the following: occasionally a cartridge would pass the loading-machine without receiving its powder charge; fired in the gun, the primer fulminate had just sufficient energy to drive the ball into the barrel; the next cartridge inserted—being all right—produced a burst gun by its projectile 'jamming' against the wedged bullet."

The service "Springfield" has been subjected at various times to crucial tests of every necessary character, but, so far as I am aware, the particular weapons with which I have experimented have not before been subjected to formal systematic tests of this character. Not a week passes that some careless or unlucky man does not discharge a fire-arm in which somewhere—usually at or near the muzzle—there is a "stuck" bullet, or rags, or sand, or mud, or snow. The weapons here illustrated were all loaded in the usual manner, with ordinary and proper loads—the revolver, rifles, and the muskets with appropriate bullets, and the shot-guns with shot—and the "obstructions" were *in addition* to these loads; and further, these "obstructions" were in all cases merely such as *might* occur in ordinary field-sports or in military service. None of these "obstructions" was "wedged" with or accompanied by any other substance, with the single and important exception that in the case of the No. 12 of the engraving (a United States rifled musket) an ordinary gun wad was inserted, and on this wad the wet sand rested; but all of the "stuck" bullets against which these loads were fired were *firmly* "stuck," so that it was difficult to move them with the ramrod. All of them were naked bullets. The material which for brevity's sake I call "mud," it is necessary to explain, was not a sticky mass; it was earth from a cellar, moist earth—clayey, but rendered light and porous by the presence in it of sand and cinders. I have many specimens of shot-guns—in some of which there is now manifest a criminal thinness of metal—burst by firing the ordinary load against some apparently trifling obstruction; and, indeed, even arms of the finest class are (sometimes by repeated "proofs," but oftener by abuse) found oftentimes to succumb to strains of a merely ordinary character, owing to what is called "fatigue" of the metal. Overproving or continued overloading may, and, I think, very often does, thus so

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EFFECTS OF OBSTRUCTIONS IN GUN BARRELS.

1, 2, 3, 4, 5. United States Musket, Belgian Cadet Musket, "Mississippi Rifle," W. Derringer Sporting Rifle, and Prussian Musket—burst by a *bullet "stuck"* at muzzle. 6, 8. Shot-guns—*snow* at muzzle. 7. Remington Navy Revolver—a bullet "stuck" two inches from muzzle. 9. Cadet Musket—*"stuck" bullet*, middle of barrel. 10, 11. United States Rifled Muskets—*wet sand* at muzzle. 12, 13, 14. United States Rifled Musket, Prussian Musket, and Webley Breech-loading Laminated Steel Shot-gun—*mud* at the muzzle.

overstrain the originally tenacious metal as easily to induce it to give way at some time thereafter while it is being fired with a charge even smaller than common.

By some young and careless writers it is assumed that the space in a gun-barrel between the normal cartridge and some "obstruction"—say a "stuck" bullet twenty-five inches distant—is what is known in ordnance circles as "air space." This is an error; air space properly so called does *not* burst guns, though ninety-eight sportsmen out of every hundred are apt to declare that it will. But "obstructions"—bullets, rags, mud, snow, and especially wet sand—are exceedingly likely to bulge or rupture any ordinary gun-barrel. WILLIAM McK. HEATH.

WELLS THAT NEVER FREEZE.

NATURE's wells are deep below,
Deep below the line of frost and snow;
They are clear and sparkling, cool and sweet,
Clear and sparkling underneath our feet.
Cool through all the summer's heat,
Free through winter's frost and snow,
For the wells that Nature digs
Are below the line of change,
Deep, deep below.

Nature's wells are never dry.
When the August sun is blazing high
They are deep and cool, they are cool and deep,
And in rocky cisterns moisture keep
For the tiniest seeds that sleep,
For the roots of mighty trees,
For the thirsty lips that know
Nature's wells are far below
The line of change.

My life's wells lie far below,
Far below the line of frost and snow;
Safely hid within my home they lie,
Deep and still and sweet beneath Love's sky.
Frost and heat and wind pass by;
Life has drought and frost outside,
But the household wells still flow
Clear and sweet and far below
The line of change.

For home's wells are never dry.
Outside oft the conflict waxes high,
And a bitter drought is on the strife,
Or a frost ties fast the hopes of life;
Then, at home, by side of child and wife,
Are the wells that never fail,
Are the household wells that flow
Sweet and deep and clear, below
The line of change.

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ONE OF THE BEST TONICS.

DR. A. ATKINSON, Prof. Materia Medica and Dermatology, in College of Physicians and Surgeons, Baltimore, Md., says: "It makes a pleasant drink, and is one of our best tonics in the shape of the phosphates in soluble form."—[*Adv.*]

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PROPOSALS FOR PURCHASE OF VESSELS.

NAVY DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, *March* 1, 1884.

In accordance with the provisions of the 5th section of the act of Congress making appropriations to supply deficiencies approved March 3, 1883, sealed proposals will be received at the Navy Department until noon on Saturday, May 3, 1884, at which time and place they will be opened, for the purchase of certain vessels which have been stricken from the Navy Register, under authority of an act of Congress approved August 5, 1882, and which it is deemed for the best interests of the United States to sell.

The vessels offered, their appraised value and their locality, are the Niagara, at Boston, Mass., $24,200; Florida, at New London, Conn., $52,700; Colorado $34,700, and Ticonderoga $24,900, at New York; Supply $800, at League Island, Penn.; Pawnee $5,200, at Port Royal, S. C.; Benicia $14,000, and Cyane $12,000, at Mare Island, Cal.

Proposals must be submitted in a sealed envelope, addressed to the Secretary of the Navy, Washington, D. C., and endorsed "proposals for the purchase of vessels," so as to distinguish them from other communications. No offer for more than one vessel should be included within one proposal.

The vessels will be sold, for cash, to the person or persons, or corporation or corporations, offering the highest prices therefor above the appraised value thereof. Each bid or proposal must be accompanied by a deposit in cash (or satisfactory certified check) of not less than ten per cent. of the amount of the offer or proposal, and also a bond with a penal sum equal to the whole amount of the offer, with two or more sureties, to be approved by the Secretary of the Navy, conditioned for the payment of the remaining ninety per cent. of the amount of such offer or proposal within thirty days from the date of its acceptance. In case default is made in the payment of the remaining ninety per cent., or any part thereof, within that time, said cash deposit of ten per cent. shall be considered as forfeited to the Government, and shall be applied as directed in the act of March 3, 1883. All deposits and bonds of bidders, whose proposals shall not be accepted, will be returned to them within seven days after the opening of the proposals.

On application to the Department, a printed list will be furnished, giving general information concerning the vessels; also forms of bids and bonds which must be used by bidders. The vessels can be examined at any time by applying to the Commandants of the Navy Yards.

The purchasers must remove the vessels purchased from the limits of the Yard within such reasonable time as may be fixed by the Department.

WILLIAM E. CHANDLER,
Secretary of the Navy.

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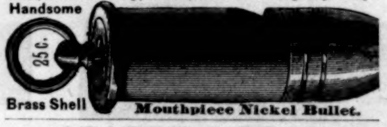

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(No. 407)
FOR APRIL

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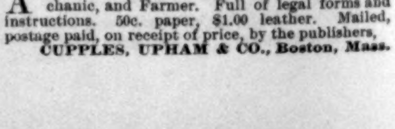

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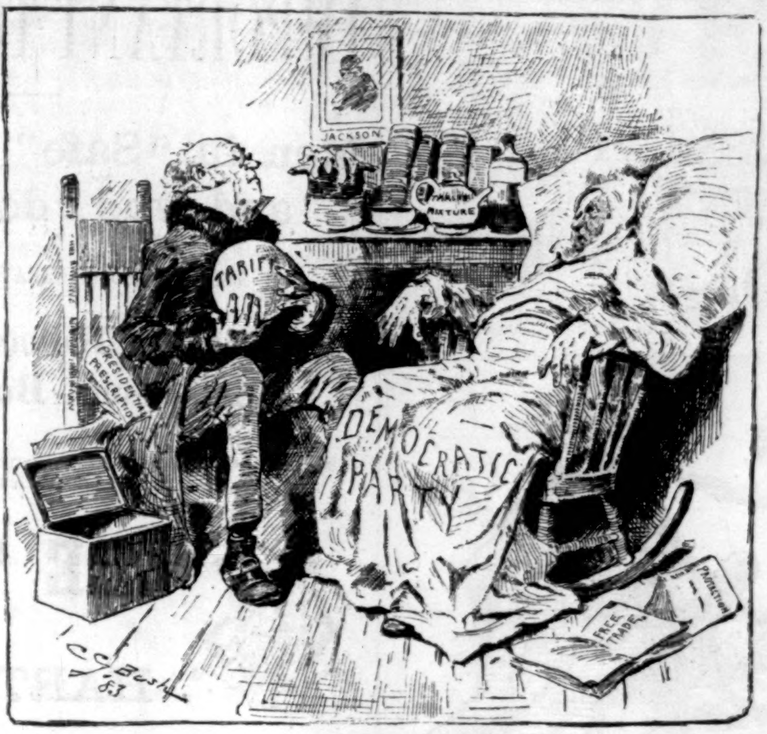

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